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ST. PAUL, BY THORWALDSEN.

From the original in marble, in Our Lady's Church, Copenhagen.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 1.

LIFE OF ST. PAUL FOR THE YOUNG.

BY GEORGE LUDINGTON WEED.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD HOME IN TARSUS.

The Homes of Jesus and of Saul—Plain of Cilicia—River Cydnus—Tarsus—Roman City—Saul a Roman Citizen—Civilized Nations—Jews—Gentiles—Greeks—Romans—Augustus Cæsar—Pagan Religion—"The Boy the Father of the Man"—Saul's Parents and Sister—The Tribe of Benjamin—The Name Saul—Language of Saul—Golden Texts—Sayings of Rabbis—Psalms—Old Testament Scriptures.

Palestine lies on the east of the Mediterranean sea. Northwest of it, bordering on the same sea, is Asia Minor. Two thousand years ago a division of Palestine was called Galilee; and a division of Asia Minor, Cilicia. They were provinces of the Roman Empire; by which we mean that their people had been conquered and were governed by an emperor in the distant city of Rome. In Galilee was the town of Nazareth; and in Cilicia, the town of Tarsus. In Nazareth lived the boy Jesus; and in Tarsus the boy Saul, afterward known as Paul. Little did the people of Nazareth think

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that the most marvelous being of our world lived among them; and as little did the people of Tarsus think that young Saul was to be one of the most wonderful of men. In following Saul so far as we can, from his childhood to his death, we must remember some things about his country and home, the people among whom he lived, his education, and many other things which helped to make him what he became—the great apostle of Jesus Christ.

In Cilicia the Taurus mountains run parallel to the Mediterranean coast. Between the range and the sea is a fertile plain, whose great heat in the summer drives most of the people to the cooler air of the mountain slopes. Many streams are formed or fed by the melted snows. One of the largest is the Cydnus, a cold and rapid stream, which dashes over the rocks, and winds among the valleys, and flows through the plain where palm-trees and beautiful gardens line its banks until it enters into the sea.

On this Cilician plain, near the Taurus mountains, on the Cydnus river, twelve miles from its mouth, was the city of Tarsus. It was a center of business, education, and political power. Vast quantities of timber cut in the mountain forests were floated from it to the Mediterranean. Vessels brought to it treasures from Europe. Riches from the regions around it were here gathered to be sent to Greece and Italy. Its streets and markets and bazaars were scenes of busy life. Varied kinds of dress and different languages showed that people of different nations lived within its walls. It was a great contrast to the squalid Mohammedan city of to-day.

Tarsus was the Roman capital of Cilicia. The people were compelled to obey Roman laws and to aid in fighting the enemies of Rome. Yet they were allowed to make some laws for themselves and to choose some of their officers. So Tarsus was called a free city.

Saul's father was probably a Roman citizen: so was he. This gave him protection in times of trouble, as we shall see. When Tarsus was no longer his home, he remembered it with interest and honest pride. He spoke of it as "no mean city." Ever since his day its name has been linked with his.

If we would understand the life of Saul, we must remember some things about the nations that lived two thousand years ago.

Only three of them were civilized—having learning, refinement and good government. They were the Jews, Greeks and Romans.

The Jews were the worshipers of the true God, having the Old Testament Scriptures, which taught them about him and Jesus Christ whom they called the Messiah. All other nations were Gentiles. They were Pagans—worshipers of false gods. Such were the Greeks and Romans. The Greeks were noted for their learning—not the wise things taught in the Scriptures, but what they learned without the Bible, much of which was contrary to its teachings. The Roman nation was noted for its vast dominion, its power over other nations, and its great wealth. Augustus Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman emperors, ruled over a very large part of mankind. Rome, his capital, was full of riches obtained of the nations he had conquered. It was adorned with magnificent temples and palaces.

Though civilized nations have much that is good, they may have much that is evil. Wherever God is not worshiped and obeyed, wickedness abounds. Mere learning will not make a people good, nor will the power and riches of the mightiest kingdom. So it was with the nations of Greece and Rome. Their Pagan religion was a strange mixture of beliefs which did not help to make them better. They gave to idols the reverence and worship which are due to God alone. Jews, Greeks and Romans lived in Tarsus. Saul was a Jewish boy in a heathen city.

We do not often think of him as a boy, but as a man or as "Paul the Aged." But those younger days were ever fresh in his memory. After fifty years he recalled the time when he "was a child, and spake as a child, and understood as a child, and thought as a child."

, "The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

When we remember that "the boy is the father of the man"—that the man will become what the boy was—we are interested in the early life. It was the honest, diligent, faithful, studious boy George Washington who became the great general and president. It was the boy Napoleon, interested in his toy-cannon, that became the conqueror and emperor.

It is probable that Saul's father moved from Palestine to Tar-

sus where the future apostle was born. Some scholars place the date of his birth before that of Christ, and some place it after. Of Saul's mother we know nothing. We wish we did. We love to think of the boy Samuel with his mother Hannah; and John—afterward the Baptist—with Elizabeth; and Timothy with Eunice; and Jesus with Mary. We know Saul had a sister, to whom we can believe he was a true and noble brother. We shall see how her son cared for his uncle in a time of trouble in Jerusalem.

The Jews were divided into twelve tribes. One of these was Benjamin. The first Jewish king was Saul—a favorite name by which many a boy was called.* Little Saul of Tarsus was also of the tribe of Benjamin, and perhaps was named after the king who had lived eleven hundred years before him. Many names, especially among the Jews, had a meaning. Saul means “the desired,” or “prayed for,” or “asked of God.” Perhaps he was the first-born son in whom his parents so rejoiced that they gave him that name.

Young Saul was taught to speak Hebrew, the language of the Jews. It is almost certain that he also learned Greek which was much used in Tarsus.

We know something of life in the Jewish homes, and so we can think of much that was done for Saul, and of what he did for himself. The first words which many a child in a Christian home now learns before it can read, are those of Jesus, “Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” But Jesus had not spoken these words when Saul was a boy. His first golden text was probably one given by God to Moses. It was this: “The Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.” The child was taught this text before he was five years old. A Rabbi—a learned Jewish teacher—who lived long ago said, “The boy of five years of age ought to apply to the study of the Sacred Scriptures.” Another Rabbi said, “When the boy begins to talk, his father ought to converse with him in the sacred language, and teach him the law.” At that early age his parents would also teach him a part of the one hun-

* Jews and Jewish, as here used, means Israel and Israelitish.—Editor ERA.

dred and thirteenth Psalm, giving him an idea of the greatness of God who is worthy of the highest praise; and also a part of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm, especially its first and last verses whose words are the same, "Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; because his mercy endureth forever."

At five the boy himself began to read the Old Testament Scriptures in Hebrew, the language in which they were written. Saul also learned at some time to read a translation of them into the Greek language. When he became Paul the Apostle he wrote to Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." The same might have been said to him. He became familiar with the stories of Moses, and Joseph, and Samuel and David. He had not the aid of pictures that so interest the child of to-day, and help him to understand the story. He read and heard of the Messiah that was to come. There was no New Testament telling of the angels, and the shepherds, and the Babe of Bethlehem; of the wonderful Child in the Temple; of the miracles in Galilee and Jerusalem; of the death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ. These things happened during the life of Saul.

CHAPTER II.

SAUL THE SCHOOLBOY.

"A Vineyard"—"A Son of the Commandment"—Studies—The Messiah—The Land of the Jews—Gentile Schools—School Friendships—Barnabas—Pharisees—Some Good Pharisees—Jewish Boy in a Heathen City—Tentmaking—Trade Proverbs—Saul's Trade—The Boy in the Home—Views from the Roof—Boy Wanderings—Memory of Childhood Scenes—Games—In the Schoolroom.

At six years of age a Jewish boy went to a "vineyard," as the Jewish teachers called their schools, to be trained with more faithfulness than the most careful vine dresser bestows on the most precious clusters of his grapes.

At ten he began to learn the simpler of the Jewish laws, continuing studies of this kind until he was thirteen, when he was promoted and called a "Son of the Commandment." At fifteen he was promoted again for harder study.

There were no school books. The pupils would listen to all the teacher said, remember it and be able to tell it afterward. They

studied arithmetic, history of the Jewish nation, and natural history: but the chief study was the Scriptures, and the chief subject was the Messiah. Young Saul, like other Jews, thought of Him chiefly as a great earthly king who would come and drive the Romans from Palestine, and reign there as Saul and David and Solomon had done a thousand years before. He had no thought that the Messiah *had* come to be a king of another kind, and was even then a boy in the land of the Jews. Through hundreds of years it had been the home of his ancestors. All through his early life he was told of its beauties and wonderful history. He learned of Jerusalem its holy city, and the Temple the holy house of God. Visitors from there to his home would kindle the desire and inspire the hope that some day he would see them for himself.

Meanwhile he was a Jewish schoolboy. There were Gentile schools, but his parents would not send him where so much of the teaching was false, and so many of the influences were for evil.

Friendships are often formed in school days that last through life; they are among the most precious. In some respects they are unlike any others. Two boys in the same school, familiar with the same surroundings, having the same studies and keeping up in them, then going to the same college or university to fit themselves for the same profession, and so having the same plans for life, helping and encouraging each other through all of their growing years—such students have so much in common that their friendship grows stronger and stronger. It is often helpful in later life, especially in times of trouble.

Such a friendship had Saul. Seventy miles from his home, on the island of Cyprus, was a boy of kindred spirit and purposes, who was sent to Tarsus to be educated in a Jewish school. There he would meet with Saul. Even when the two planned to be together some day in the University of Jerusalem, they had no thought of the time when the one would be almost the only friend the other had in that city, or when for two years they would live together, or how they would travel and labor together for Him who was then a boy in Nazareth, of whom they knew not, but whom they would some day own as their Lord and Master. Saul's friend was named Barnabas.

Some of the Jews were called Pharisees. They were very

careful to do some things which God commanded by Moses. They also taught the people to obey other laws which God had not given. Some of these were very foolish and hard to obey. The Pharisees pretended to be very good, better than other Jews. They sometimes made long prayers and gave money for the Temple and the poor, not to please God, but to be seen of men who would call them good. They despised those who were not like themselves. Their thoughts and feelings were often wrong even when they appeared to be doing right. They were proud, unjust, selfish, covetous, deceitful. Christ often reproved them for their sins. They hated him, and some of them helped to put him to death.

Yet among the Pharisees were some good men. One is known as Joseph of Arimathea; another was Nicodemus. Saul's grandfather was a Pharisee: so was his father, who perhaps was a good man. He trained his son to be a little Pharisee who should be very strict in obeying the two kinds of laws of which we have spoken—those of God and those of men. The boy tried to be good, but not always in the right way. He thought himself righteous, but found at last that he was not so in the sight of God. He learned that if he would *do* good, he must *be* good—loving God and obeying Him because this is right. When we read his speeches and letters, we shall see what he thought of himself as a little Pharisee.

When Jews moved from Palestine to other countries they worshiped God as they had done in their own country. They built synagogues in which to do it. So in Tarsus there were Jewish synagogues as well as Greek and Roman heathen temples. As Saul noticed the difference in the faces, dress and language of the people of different nations, he would think much more of the greater difference between his religion and theirs. We think of him as a worshiper of God in a heathen city. He was like the lily-of-the-valley, fragrant and white, growing among unpleasing and poisonous weeds.

On the Taurus mountains were raised great flocks of goats whose long, beautiful hair was used in the manufacture of various kinds of articles by many of the people of Tarsus. They braided it into ropes, and weaved it into tent-covers, and into garments especially for sailors because of it being waterproof. Tentmaking was an honorable trade, though the tentmaker was poorly paid. Saul's

father was such. He may have received money in other ways. We shall find reason to believe that he was not very poor.

The father of every Jewish boy was taught by the Rabbis that it was his duty to teach his son a trade. This was wise, because then the son could do something for a living, if, no longer supported by his father, he became poor. There was a Jewish proverb, "If a man does not teach his son a trade, he teaches him to steal." Another proverb was, "A man should not change his trade, nor that of his father."

As we remember the young Jesus becoming a carpenter, we may think of Saul becoming a tentmaker, first watching his father's work, helping him as a boy could, and at last spinning, plaiting and weaving the goat's hair with those hands which he long after declared ministered to his necessities; helping him to obtain the things he needed. For the last twenty-nine years of his life, when not in prison or supported by Christians among whom he labored, he was Paul the Apostle and Paul the Tentmaker.

Remembering the things of which we have spoken, we can picture the boyhood of Saul in Tarsus. So far as we know, he was the only, the beloved son, the joy of father, mother and sister. In that Jewish home, his red cap, and loose jacket of white and blue, his sash of different colors, would tell of his belonging to the same race as that of the boy Jesus, dressed in the same way at the same time in the land of the Jews. In the great, crowded, idolatrous capital of Cilicia, Saul increased in wisdom and stature as did Jesus in the lonely town of Nazareth, hidden among the Galilean hills where the true God only was worshiped. From the flat roof of his home, year after year, he gazed upon the Taurus range, stretching eastward and westward, whose loftiest peaks in the winter were white with snow on which the sun sparkled, and along which the shadows of the clouds played; but whose slopes in summer were clothed with a forest of green. The extended plain was divided by the swiftly flowing Cydnus, bordered by lofty palms which stood like sentinels over the gardens that showed the richness of the soil. Sometimes Saul would climb the ragged slopes like the mountain goats that gathered there; and follow the river, perhaps bathing in the icy waters which almost cost Alexander his life. A mile north of the city, he would visit the waterfall, especially when

its grandeur was increased by the melting of the mountain snows. At a later day we seem to hear him sing,

“Sweetly wild! sweetly wild!
Were the scenes that charmed me when a child.
Rocks—grey rocks, with their tracery dark,
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,
Torrent voices thundering by.

“It was sweet to sit till sunset laid down
At the gate of the west his golden crown.
Sweetly wild! sweetly wild!
Were the scenes that charm’d me when a child.”

On the wharf he would watch the coming and going of the ships of different countries, to which he himself was to be carried through dangers and sufferings for Christ of which he then could not know; for it was

“He who should carry far and wide,
The banner of the Crucified.”

Through all these boyhood years, we see him the earnest pupil, one of a circle of boys seated on the floor or ground, clad in their white cloaks, around the teacher of the grade he had reached. But there was one thing he would have us notice most of all about “his manner of life from his youth.” To use his own words spoken when he became a good man it was this, “I was a Pharisee.”

Sometimes he would go to the gymnasium and watch the young men running, leaping, boxing and wrestling, striving for the olive or laurel wreath with which the victor was crowned. When we read his speeches and letters of many years after, we see how deep were the impressions these things made upon him.

CHAPTER III.

LEAVING HOME FOR JERUSALEM.

Four Universities—Plans for Jerusalem—Farewell to Tarsus—Storm at Sea—Lebanon—Villages—Carmel—Nazareth—Cæsarea.

There is no doubt that Saul was a bright boy, a child of promise, a good scholar who might become a scribe able to teach the Jewish law and traditions to the people. At that time there was a

great school called a university at Athens in Greece; another at Alexandria in Egypt; and another at Tarsus in Cilicia. But in none of them could Saul have the right kind of training for the work planned for him. He must go to a university in Jerusalem. The time had come. His school days in Tarsus were ended. We do not know exactly at what age this great change in his life was made. He must have been somewhere between ten and fourteen. That decision to have him make his first visit to the Holy Land must have filled him with all the enthusiasm of his boy nature. He would see the land of his fathers. He would visit the places of Jewish history, and live among people of his own nation. He would see the places whose names he had known with tender and increasing interest. Above all the Holy City and its Holy House would become familiar to him as Tarsus and its humble synagogue. Jerusalem was a home word to every Jew. In going thither, though from his home, he felt that he was going homeward. Yet on leaving such a home as we imagine his to have been, he must have had a mingled feeling of gladness and sadness. It was not easy to break the ties of a place where a joyous boyhood had been spent. No one in Jerusalem could take the place of father, mother and sister still living in Tarsus. In the story of his life, we shall find his heart very tender when parting with friends.

We may suppose Saul's father went with him to the land of his fathers. If he had gone from there to Tarsus, he would be glad to revisit the scenes of his younger day. If, like his little son, he was making his first visit, they would alike rejoice in seeing for themselves the places with whose names and history they had become familiar in their distant home.

The vessel sailed down the Cydnus, twelve miles to its mouth which widens into a lake or basin into the wider sea. We can imagine the young voyager taking a farewell look at the city of his childhood. The familiar mountains fade from his view until only the snowy tops are seen. Trees, gardens, flowers, towns, and at last the shores of Cilicia disappear. He is upon the great sea, and with boyish excitement feels the swell of its waters. The first night is past, and for the first time he beholds the sun appearing to rise out of the waters, stretching as far as he can see in every direction with nothing else in sight but the sky, and the birds that

have wandered far from their nests, and the fishes that leap for a moment above the waves.

Perhaps a storm arises and he understands as he never had before what he had learned in the synagogue: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, and lifteth up the waves thereof. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

We cannot follow Saul on this his first voyage as certainly as we can on his future journeys: but, of what we know of that time, and what nations were trading in the Mediterranean, and the ports for which they must have sailed, we can judge very nearly in what way he went.

His voyage was nearly ended. Suddenly their appeared in the distance snow-covered peaks like those of the Taurus mountains. They were the heights of Lebanon.

A nearer view revealed terrace above terrace, on which stood the flat roofed villages, in the midst of plantations of sugar cane, and groves of mulberry, orange and lemon trees. The travelers passed the bold mountain of Carmel where Elijah boldly showed the God of the Jews to be the only living and true God. Twenty miles from it, nestled among the hills of Nazareth, was the Son of God, not yet revealed to the world.

Saul's voyage ended at Cæsarea. Before him was the land which the Lord told Moses beside the burning bush was "a good land," and told Ezekiel was "the glory of all lands." Such every Jew thought. So felt young Saul as he stepped from the vessel and trod for the first time the country in which he was to live and labor, suffer and rejoice. At last from an eminence he gains his first view of the Holy City; the temple with its glittering roof, porticoes and columns; and the royal palace in which David and Solomon once lived. He enters the city called "the joy of the whole earth—the City of the Great King." He is permitted to say, "My feet stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." How little he knows of what the years will bring to him therein!

Fair boy! the wand'rings of thy way
It is not mine to trace,

Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
Or manhood's bolder race.

What discipline thy heart may need,
What clouds may veil thy sun,
The eye of God alone can read;
And let his will be done.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SCHOOL OF GAMALIEL.

Synagogue Schools—School of Hillel—Scripture Studies—Messiah—Savior—Simeon
—Simeon's Son—Gamaliel, the Great Rabbi—The Bright Pupil—School Work
—Barnabas and Saul—Saul and the Scriptures.

Jewish synagogues were often divided into two parts. One was for prayer and preaching and other forms of worship; the other part was for schools. In them learned men met to talk together about religious things and to teach the young.

In Jerusalem there were two schools higher than any others, called colleges or universities. The most celebrated was the School of Hillel, so named because founded by him, sixty years before Christ. It was for young students who expected to become rabbis. They were not only taught, but also encouraged to take part in discussions with each other, and with their teachers, "both hearing them and asking them questions," as we are told Jesus did in the school in the temple.

The scriptures they studied were especially the five books of Moses, the Psalms, and the books of the prophets through whom God told the people of things that would happen. He promised that Christ, whom the Jews called the Messiah, should come to be the Savior of the world. So the Jews were watching for his coming, but not in the way God intended. We know the Savior to be a little child born in Bethlehem. There were a few people more truly wise than the wisest rabbis who were ready to believe that the child Jesus was the promised Messiah. One of these named Simeon was probably a son of Hillel. He understood the scriptures about the coming of Christ better than his father did. He lived to be an old man waiting to see the promised One. God had told him in some way that he should not die until that hour had come. It did come when Joseph and Mary brought the infant Jesus into

the temple. The old man, taking it up in his arms, "blessed God and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" by which he meant the promised Messiah.

A very wise rabbi, a son, as is supposed, of Simeon, and so grandson of Hillel, became president of the college in Jerusalem which his grandfather had founded. Simeon must have told him of the infant Jesus in the temple and of how God had revealed to him that this was the Messiah for whom all were looking; but the son probably thought it was an old man's fancy, and so did not believe the story. He trusted rather to his rabbi-wisdom. This was sad indeed, for if he had believed that Simeon had seen the Lord's Christ, and taught his pupils that their Messiah had come, he might have saved many of them from becoming the enemies of Jesus and plotters of his death.

He is described in Acts (5: 34) as "a Pharisee named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law had in reputation among all the people." Though a zealous Pharisee, blinded to the greatest truths, he was somewhat like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who were better than he, because they became the friends of Jesus. Gamaliel was "had in reputation" because he was wise, candid, honest, upright, amiable, kind and charitable; and because he was the most learned man of his day, and the most noted teacher the Jews ever had. Among them he is still known as the "Great Rabbi." Because of his learning and character, he was so revered that he received the highest Jewish title, that of Rabban. He was one of the only seven to whom it was ever given. He was also called "The Beauty of the Law." We know not that any other had that honorable name.

The most distinguished pupil of this most distinguished teacher was Saul of Tarsus, who came under his instruction when probably thirteen years of age, and remained with him many years. With honest pride he said he was "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel," by which he meant that he had long been taught by this great teacher. The words "at the feet of Gamaliel" remind us of the position of the pupils as they encircled him. Gamaliel with his long flowing robe of rabbi, surrounded by youths who expected to become rabbis, was a special object of interest in Jerusalem.

There was no other school like it: in teacher, pupils and studies it was the best of all.

The course of study required the diligence and faithfulness of many years. Lessons in Hebrew and Greek and sometimes Latin were given, but the chief subject was the Jewish Law written on scrolls daily unrolled before them. The pupils were trained to commit large portions of scripture. The teacher explained the commandments which the scripture taught; the traditions; the promises made to the good; the meaning of ceremonies, of certain things required in worship; the prophecies, or things that would happen; and the types, or something to help to understand future things.

As the teacher made these explanations, the bright boys would think of many things about which they asked questions, which the teacher was ever ready to answer. Much of the school exercise was a kind of conversation between teacher and pupils.

In that group around Gamaliel were Barnabas and Saul, fellow-students in Tarsus, reunited in Jerusalem, in study, and in friendship which was yet longer to be continued, closer than ever before. We may think of Saul as the brighter pupil, and the favorite of his delighted teacher. We know what he thought about the scriptures. In one of his letters he called them the "oracles of God," and said that of all the good things that the Jews possessed these were the best. Beginning at five years of age, he had made the scriptures the great study of his life—in his home and in the synagogue, in the school in Tarsus, in the college in Jerusalem, and wherever he lived. He began to commit passages at an early age, when this is most easily done. He had a marvelous memory, long remembering what he had learned. In his speeches in later life, he quoted from memory, showing how familiar he had become with the word of God. Year after year while in the school of Gamaliel he "increased in wisdom and stature," as did at the same time the boy in Nazareth whose wisdom was greater than that of Saul, he being taught, not by the wisest rabbi, but by his Father, the All-wise God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MORMON BOY AT COLLEGE.

BY OSBORNE WIDTSOE, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE
LATTER-DAY SAINTS UNIVERSITY.

Not more than a year ago, a young Latter-day Saint teacher was visiting with a professor of an eastern university. "Is there, in your 'Mormon' religion," inquired the professor, "anything to satisfy the trained and educated mind of a man of culture? Or is your religion, as claimed by many, narrowing and debasing?"

"Our religion," answered the young Latter-day Saint with fervor, "is the most satisfying to soul and intellect of all the religious systems of the world. It is the most ennobling, the broadest, the soundest, the very best system of religion the world has ever known; for it is the Christ's."

"And yet," objected the professor, "is it not true that your boys who go East for a higher education lose their faith in 'Mormonism?'"

"Well, it is true that many of our young men have become skeptical, and some have left the Church," admitted the teacher, "yet we have experienced no more such defection than have other churches."

"I know, of course," said the professor, "that all creeds suffer loss from the ranks of educated men. Our age is a critical and skeptical one. But it seems to me that you, with your claims—with your pretensions to the true gospel of Christ and the perfect philosophy of religion—have no excuse to offer for fallers-away. There should be no fallers-away."

The young man was troubled. What answer could he give at the moment to excuse apostasy among the educated? Does not "Mormonism," so called, include all truth? Is it not broad and liberal? Does it not encourage its devotees to seek after learning

from books and by experience? Does it not encourage critical investigation rather than frown upon it! Yet the objection seemed so forcible that the young man came almost to believe that education is, after all, not a good thing, since it fosters skepticism. But, again, it seemed to him that the fault was not with "Mormonism," nor with education. The religion might, as claimed, comprehend all the good and true in the world. In that case, the fault must lie with the students themselves.

When a boy goes to college, he becomes associated with one of the classes of the institution. He is either a special student, a freshman, a sophomore, a junior, a senior, or a graduate. Generally, he has the pleasure of going through all the stages, except the first. He becomes intimately acquainted with scores of young men, in his own class and out of it. These young men do not believe his religion; many of them have no religion; and many of them have come to college to have a good time in the way of the world. With them the troubles of the young "Mormon" begin.

School has been in session not more than a week or two when the boy receives an invitation from the president of his class to attend an evening entertainment, in order to become acquainted with his classmates. He goes, and finds the fellows having in general a "jolly good time." Most of them are smoking, and drinking beer or other liquor. He is pressed to take pipe or a cigar, and a drink; and if he is not very strong he takes both. Perhaps he takes more than one cigar, and more than one drink. Not long after this he is invited to attend a class "smoker." He goes to it, and is pressed again to smoke and drink, and he learns that the class "smoker" will be a regular event in the course of the school year. But it is not the only means of social intercourse with his classmates. Ere long, he is invited to a class "beer night," where he meets with the same temptations. Then he joins a society for the advancement of the subject in which he is particularly interested. He attends the conferences of this society and hears learned lectures delivered, perhaps, between puffs of smoke. After the lecture there is a general handshaking and a drinking of liquor.

In the class rooms, too, the young man meets with many things that test his faith. All university courses aim at accurate

scholarship. Original editions only are credited as perfectly authentic. Later editions, in which a word has been replaced or a spelling changed, or even the punctuation amended, without due critical notice, are divested of authoritative value. Sources are carefully sought and studied. It is determined with accurate nicety just where any great man got his inspiration and information. Often he is deprived by critical review of any claim to originality. The effect of such scholarly study is seen in the higher criticism of the Bible. It is extreme, of course; yet it is of great value, since it separates the true and authentic from the mythical. Now, as the critical acumen of the young "Mormon" develops, he comes to know that, as yet, we have had but few real scholars among us. Further, he becomes convinced that some good men have made serious mistakes. In the light of his acquired scholarship, he questions some matters of interpretation. His faith begins to falter.

But the temptations of smoke and drink for the sake of fellowship, or the difficulties developed by critical scholarship, are not the only obstacles that beset the road to perfect faith, nor are they the most insurmountable ones. Worse, perhaps, than these is the insidious influence of some teachers. There are many professors who believe in no God, and hence, in no religion. Moreover, they look upon any religion as merely a form of superstition, which holds the believer in chains of fear. These men speak of a broader and freer life, without restraint, and of a fuller, brighter intellectual light. The youthful student, just coming into his young manhood, resents the thought of fear and slavery. He is fascinated by the subtle teaching of the broader and higher life. He wavers—and perhaps he falls. The hidden snare of the foe then holds him fast.

Now, our religion is so peculiar that any violation of its principles brings about immediate effects. It seems a small thing to take a smoke or drink with a friend. The boy at college thinks he can overcome the habit—if he forms it—when he leaves his college friends. But, however good the boy's intentions for the future may be, the habit of smoking and drinking remains incompatible with the spirit of the gospel. Persistence in the habit weakens the boy's testimony; and in place of it, he comes to cher-

ish such questions as these: What becomes of the tithing, anyway? Why have we any more authority than anyone else? Why is it not religion enough to be fair with your fellow men? From this condition he passes speedily to one of bitterness; and all because he imagines that he must learn the wicked ways of the world in order to be esteemed by his classmates. In truth, he has less backbone than many who have never been taught the perfect law of the gospel. Hundreds of young men at college neither smoke nor drink. They attend, very often, the "smokers" and "beer-nights," and conferences, and all the other forms of entertainment; but they stoutly refuse to form habits they have been taught to abhor.

Doubts that arise when the searchlight of modern criticism is turned upon our religion, are perhaps pardonable; but they need never be of long duration. In the course of our scriptural and religious interpretations, we have no doubt made mistakes; but they have arisen from the conditions of the people. Poor, oppressed, and untrained, they could do no better than they did; and they erred much less often than even learned men who work without divine assistance. A broad-minded scholar always makes allowance for the opportunities and the environments of the people he is studying. The young "Mormon" learns to do so, too, if he seeks honestly a constructive policy, and not a destructive one. However, the critical attitude will perhaps never leave him; and many people may think, therefore, that his testimony is weak. Yet, if he has struggled and overcome, his testimony may be built more firmly on a sure foundation than that of his friends.

There is, then, no moral nor social excuse for violating principles of the gospel, and thereby losing faith. There is no excuse for fallers-away, even if scholarly criticism be turned upon the gospel. Neither is there a reason why any man, learned or unlearned, trained or untrained, should allow himself to be lured away from the truth by some other man. Those who are truly instructed in our religion know that we are free, that our social life is pure, that our ideals are high, that the glory of God is our light. The boy who is influenced by the insidious remarks of others is he who is not free. He has not manly strength to stand by his convictions. If a student falters merely because a teacher, who has

not the courage to speak openly, slurs religion, or speaks slightly of it, he is surely too weak to be of use in the kingdom of God or of man. And such a teacher should be rebuked by his own pupils. Yet the influence is strong and widely felt, not only in far-away schools, but in some that are built in our very midst.

Undoubtedly, then, it is not the fault of "Mormonism" that there are fallers-away; nor is it the fault of education. The fault is with the apostates themselves. In this paper, I have named only some of the temptations that a "Mormon" boy has to overcome at college. There are many things that will help to build him up. There are religious and philanthropic societies of many kinds; there are Bible classes and temperance clubs; and there is the truth gleaned daily in his special study; but these we have not space to discuss here. The temptations are, after all, only those that exist at home. They, alone, should not deter any parent from sending his son to a good school. The boy's best preparation can be given him while he is at home—that is, thorough instruction in the principles of the gospel; and the development of honest, manly strength to resist temptation. If our boys were thus prepared, we should not be humiliated by having to confess that they lose their faith when they are educated.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE PRAYER.

(For the Improvement Era.)

From home, one night, I roamed away,
The starlit dome o'erhead,
The vast domain
Of mystic plain
As silent as the dead.
The bright stars glowed with wondrous light,
The constellations vast
Brought near to me
The history
Of all the mighty past.

I cast mine eyes toward the North,
To Orient my soul
From Merak's light
To Dubhe bright,
From Dubhe to the Pole.
I turned and saw the Pleiades,
Alcyone's vast sway;
I watched Orion sweeping by,
And viewed the Milky Way.

And then I thought of God who rules
This universe so grand,
And asked Him there
To heed my prayer,
And lead me by his hand.
And then his Comforter was thrown,
A mantle o'er my soul;
And, peacefully, my destiny
Moves onward to its goal.

O Prayer, what mighty power is thine,
Supreme throughout the years!
To God's own heart
Thou dost impart
Our sorrows, hopes and fears!
Where'er the penitent may be,
Though lonely and alone,
A tearful eye, or thought, or sigh,
God answers from his throne.

J L. TOWNSEND

Payson, Utah.

THE COURTSHIP OF KANOSH.

A PIONEER INDIAN LOVE STORY.

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

The few tins and coppers in Mrs. Mary's pioneer log cabin twinkled and flashed in the light of the blazing logs upon the great hearthstone, that chilly afternoon in September, 1848. Every article in that meagerly furnished room was clean and free from a housekeeper's reproach. The white chief's wife had gone across the fort with her baby, leaving the thirteen-year old Indian maiden, Sally, in full possession of the cozy log-cabin.

And lo, Sally had a lover! There he sat, on the door step, his great blanket folded about his arms and muffling his chin; his neck was sunk low in his drooping shoulders, and his attitude expressed either sadness or anger.

Sally paid no attention whatever to him. It was not that Kanosh lacked in rugged Indian manliness and strength, nor was he without a certain dark beauty, the beauty of primal nature, full and free. For his limbs were carved in heroic mold, and his dark, proud face was a model of Indian power and sagacity.

Kanosh had first seen Sally two months before, when he had visited the big white chief in company with Walker, Sowiette and a great band of Utah and Shoshone Indians.

The Indian chiefs had come in to the fort to learn what were the white men's intentions, and to make some sort of treaty for their own advantage, as well as to trade horses for food and firearms.

At the close of the long conference, in which Kanosh had ac-

cepted old Sowiette's position of conciliation, the chiefs had been invited to break bread with the white chief, their friend and brother.

On entering the large room of the central log cabin in the fort, Kanosh, a little in advance of the others, saw a maiden of his own blood assisting in the service of their dinner. Her long hair still hung down her back, but it was neatly braided in two broad plaits, and although her plump form looked somewhat awkward in the "civilized" dress which replaced the Indian blanket, the dark eyes were very soft and bright, and the lips were full of love and laughter.

The girl saw Kanosh quite as soon as he saw her, but no answering flash sparkled in her brown eyes. Instead, she coolly set the dish of meat she was carrying upon the table, and walked back to the inner room with a gesture that would have been a toss of the head in a white maiden.

Poor young chieftain! Although he tried to listen to the important discussions which his fellow chiefs were carrying on with the white Father, through the interpreter—and although there was very much that was novel and startling in this first civilized meal of which he had partaken—he could not listen, he could not attend, he could not eat. Fate, the hag, had thrust out her time-worn hand and had seized his quivering heart between her relentless fingers.

With true Indian directness, he had at once sought the white Father, at the conclusion of the meal and its ceremonies, and had offered six ponies for Sally. He wanted her for his wife.

To his surprise and disgust, he was informed that Sally was not for sale. She formed one of the white chief's family, and as such she should follow the custom of the white maidens and choose her own husband, when and how she would.

Ten ponies, a whole band of them, with a cherished Spanish saddle thrown in, failed to move the white Father.

Then Kanosh learned the pitiful story of Sally; how she was one of a party of Bannock prisoners brought into the Valley eight months before by a roving band of Ute Indians. They had already slain two little girls, and were about to kill Sally, when a white man bought her and took her home to his sister. After two days trading and bantering, the Indians departed.

Kanosh allowed his friends to leave for the mountains, but he could not get away from the laughing lips and brown eyes of Sally.

He sat now in the doorway, gloomily watching the girl as she stood ironing at the table. She saw and felt the eager affection in her wild, untamed conquest, but with the capriciousness born of youth and maidenhood, she would have none of it.

"If Laughing Lips will lay her hand in mine and go up into my wickiup in the hills, no hand will dare molest her, and she shall have a couch of skins, a full pouch of wild meat day by day, and her heart shall answer to her lips' laughter when her papooses come to lie in her arms," said Kanosh, as he lifted the corner of his blanket from his stern, pain-set lips.

Sally only laughed in reply. Why should she seek safety and food when she had youth, plenty, and freedom, 'neath her white Father's roof.

"My love is hot within me," cried he. And Sally, moved by a rude instinct of mischief, ran to him, and, laying her flat iron lightly on the tips of the fingers which held his blanket, answered jeeringly, "It burns—it burns, like that!"

With a proud gesture, he seized her hand, with the flat iron in its clasp, and, turning its surface to his bare breast, he held it there with stoic calmness while it seared the flesh. Then, flinging her hand away, he strode out into the twilight with stern anger.

Sally saw no more of Kanosh for a year. A busy year filled with crowding history for both dark and white men.

Sally was not without ambitions. The association with the nimble-fingered white women, their intelligence and skill, had roused in her primitive breast a desire to do and be the same! "What has come over Sally?" asked the white Father, one day when he saw her dressing for church. "She has not forgotten her love for colors, but she has actually taken to wearing a hat. And her red-striped shawl is folded exactly like your own, my dear, in a three-cornered piece, instead of being stretched straight around her."

"I suppose she is becoming civilized. She certainly takes more interest in housework than she used to take, and I believe she will really finish up by being a good cook."

"Does she ever get homesick for the hills, do you think?"

"I am sure of it. Sometimes she has a fit of sulks for days at a time; but I know it is only her natural craving for the life she once lived, so I try to be patient with her. Do you know, I really think she is trying to catch a beau. She makes a painful if not laughable effort to imitate the girls in their association with the young men."

"What nonsense, Mary! Don't put any such notion into Sally's head, nor allow it to stay if it is already there. Indian girls are not proper wives for our young men."

"Why do you say that? Some of our brethren are quite pronounced in their teachings that that is the way that the Lamanites will be redeemed and become a white and delightful people."

"Men get foolish notions in their heads. Intermarriage is never, and was never, a solution of race difficulties. Men as individuals may do as they please, but such doctrine and practice is contrary to the principles of the Church. Let the Indians be civilized and educated, but don't try to mix oil and water."

In the spring of '49, the first Indian war had occurred in Utah Valley. Sally heard that Kanosh was with the Indian warriors, although it had been reported to the white Father that Kanosh was not in sympathy with Elk and Walker. But when the fighting occurred he had taken a brave if rash part therein.

Mrs. Mary rallied Sally a little, on her lover's desertion of his suit, and his participation in the attack on Fort Utah. Sally replied, somewhat sulkily, "Me no care. He no beau to me. He Indian!"

The tone of contempt in which this last word was uttered by Sally opened Mrs. Mary's eyes to some of the thoughts which lay in the deep, dark pool of Sally's mind. But the thing she would have given much to know was how far the unsettling conditions of civilization had warped Sally's primitive mind, and how lasting these impressions and impulses were.

The next news that reached Sally was in the early fall, at the close of the Utah county Indian war. It was to the effect that Kanosh had induced a number of his friends to make peace with the whites, and that he and they were now inmates of the southern fort, busily engaged in studying the arts of peace.

When Sally heard this she merely grunted.

In the two short years in the Valley, much had been accomplished. Mrs. Mary had had an adobe house built for her, outside the fort, surrounded by a pole fence; a very comfortable vegetable garden had been planted by her own and Sally's hands. There was ample time, and a superabundance of vigorous, pioneer vitality vouchsafed these two in which to cultivate their garden plot, as well as to keep the small cabin in order.

The sound of hammer and saw sung out from the four corners of the compass; and teams and men rolled and hurried by as the hum of civilization beat the desert air with strange sounds.

The Indian girl had found it hard to toil incessantly, very hard to be neat and orderly, and when the spring had reddened the tiny squaw-berries, and brought up the mellow sego lily bells from their winter's sleep, her whole being had cried out for the hills and the pungent smell of the sage-brush campfire. But where could she go and what could she do? Her people, the Bannocks, were in the ice-girt valleys of the north, and the cruel Utes had slain her little sister—would they not serve her the same, or even worse? Yet no, an Indian might kill, he rarely dishonored, a woman.

The spring rose up and kissed the burning summer's passionate lips, and the sego lilies died on the breast of spring, while the cottonwoods tossed their feathery spray on City Creek's face as the wind shook them in mild laughter.

Sally loved to go to the creek for water; and she always hurried away up to the mouth of the canyon, where she could pull off her moccasins and dabble her tired feet in the cool, sparkling water. She was often scolded by Mrs. Mary, on her return, after these loitering trips, but she only sulked silently for reply.

Once in the twilight, while sitting on a great rock and paddling her bare feet in the noisy stream, she was with her keen native instinct suddenly conscious that some one was near.

Sally made no quick movement; but, cautiously raising her eyes, she saw a dark face in a clump of bushes across the brawling stream. She knew in a moment it was Walkara, or Walker, the foe of her people, and the treacherous friend of the white man.

With a leap, she was on her feet, and, bounding, barefoot and without her precious sunbonnet, she flew toward her home.

She felt her pursuer behind her, but the noise of the stream drowned the sound of his steps.

With a gasp, she reached the fence of her own home, and waited not to reach the gate, but sprang over the low rails, and up to the house.

She knew she was safe then, for not even Walkara would follow her into Mrs. Mary's house. But Sally had learned her lesson. She said nothing of her adventure, but after that, whenever she was sent to the creek for water, she unchained the great bull-dog, Jack, kept by the white Father, and took him along for her protection.

Two days later, while Sally was gone out on an errand, Mrs. Mary was surprised to see Walkara stalk through her door, and demand biscuit. She went to the box, and quietly gave him two of the three biscuits there.

Walkara harshly demanded more. She gave him the other one; and still he demanded more. The white woman gravely told him they were all gone.

With a wicked leer in his eyes, he raised his bow, and pointing an arrow at her heart, he said, "More!"

The terrified woman looked into his eye, and read there the hatred and murder which burned in the brain beyond.

A soft scratching, and a low whine at an inner door, quieted Mrs. Mary's ears. Instantly remembering, she motioned, as if to answer his demand, and walked to the door of the woodshed beyond, as if to get the food he required.

With a turn of her wrist, she pulled open the door, and hissed, "*Sic' him!*"

A bound, a flash of shining grey, a low growl, and Walkara found himself pinned to the floor by a grim vengeance, whose fangs met in his quivering thigh. With a shriek of agony, the savage cowered to the earth.

The woman saw the dog trying to reach the wretch's throat; without a moment's hesitation, and with the fine instinct of pure Christianity, she sprang to the assistance of her savage enemy.

Grasping the bow and arrows, she flung them on the bed, then,

with voice and hands, she called off her brute friend from her savage foe, and, at last, released him from certain death.

With heavenly forgiveness and pity, she seized the wash basin, poured hot water in it, and, with a soft cloth, she carefully bathed the wounded, naked thigh, and then applied some of the famous Yankee sticking plaster, which always stood handy upon her chimney shelf.

Walkara, with what gratitude his sullen, murderous spirit would allow, departed from the cabin, minus his bow and arrows, a wiser if not a braver Indian.

As he stalked away, Sally stole out from the woodshed, where she had witnessed the most of the scene, and where some new lessons in life had been taught her. It was she who had untied Jack, and she who had scratched lightly at the door.

Mrs. Mary was pale and weak, and her Indian maid shared every throb of her own emotions.

"He bad Indian," Sally muttered low. "All bad Indians!"

Mrs. Mary had no trouble after that in keeping Sally at home; indeed the Indian girl could scarcely be persuaded to leave the house, even for the briefest errand, except in company with some white man or woman.

The days sped by, and time and work helped both Sally and her mistress to forget most of their fears of Indians. But Sally had no eyes nor thoughts for her own race, and scarcely for her own self. Her primitive mind was sorely troubled in trying to adjust itself to new conditions, new ideals. She vaguely felt, at times, as if the elements of her mind were in a state of chaos and gloom which no future could pierce and no hope illumine.

There had been developed within her the instinct of rude affection and crude honor; the principle of virtue had been taught her from her birth; but conceptions of a finer, more delicate, code of morals than the rough foundation principles inherited from her progenitor, the proud Laman, only confused poor Sally, and made her doubtful of all men.

She found infinite comfort in listening to the profoundly simple tale of her own people's doings and misdoings, read to her by Mrs. Mary, on quiet Sunday afternoons. And she labored hard to grasp the meaning of the strange black lines and curves which spelled

out this wonderful story, on the printed page of the Book of Mormon. But her fear and dislike of her own race seemed rather to increase than to abate.

Pretty, plump, little Mrs. Mary was surprised, one Saturday afternoon, a few weeks after this, to see in the fading sunlight across her doorstep a tall, somber Indian, clad in rude buckskin breeches, with a very ugly, "civilized" cotton shirt surmounting it, with the tail of the garment flapping shamelessly, and in Indian fashion, about his loins. His face was washed clean of paint and grease, and an old tattered hat was drawn over the head. It took several glances to prove that this disfigured, grim travesty of civilization was the Indian chieftain who had hung about her home mourning after Sally, a year before.

Sally herself knew him the moment he appeared, and it was her loud laugh of derision and contempt which first gave Mrs. Mary the clue to his identity.

Sally's own appearance was not without elements of absurdity. Her dark hair, once so natural and becoming in its free, flowing braids, now was pinned and twisted into a huge, unshapely knot at the back of her head. Her dress, of checked red homespun, colored and spun by her own slow fingers, betrayed the natural shape of her wild body, in the ungraceful, tightly-drawn outlines. And the crocheted collar about her neck was too round and deep for her full neck and shoulders, thus giving her a clumsy appearance. Sally was all unconscious of her own deficiencies, although keenly alive to the forlorn spectacle made by her whilom lover.

After her long, scornful merriment, she turned her back on him, and would not again look at him.

Mrs. Mary found that Kanosh had picked up some English words, and she managed to hold a somewhat extended broken conversation with the discomfited suitor. But Sally would not even look around.

The slow, resentful mind of the Indian chief worked around gradually to the conviction that he was being scorned—nay, not only scorned, but ridiculed—laughed at, and by a squaw. True, it was the squaw he loved, but she was still a squaw. And the man also recognized the subtle fact, that her scorn was not the

simple scorn of a coy Indian maiden; the laughter sprung from a more complicated, deeper source; there was an under-current of supposed superiority—the superiority of quasi-civilization—in Sally's laughter, that stung the proud man to the quick. For a moment he hated her—hated his sweetheart.

He walked up close to her scornful back, and hissed in broken English, "You laugh now. Next time I see you, you cry!"

But Sally laughed on, for she was safe in Mrs. Mary's home. And the man strode out of the door, and turned his face southward. In the fall months, rumors of the depredations of Indians, led by Elk and Walker, came thick and fast from Utah valley.

At last the white Chief was called upon to go south, quickly, that he might direct matters, now become so serious, among the white settlers gathered upon Provo river.

He asked his wife to go along, and gave his consent, reluctantly, however, for Sally to accompany them as cook and assistant. A large party of riflemen were to accompany them.

Sally herself feared to go, and feared to stay. But she went, sulkily, it is true. Yet, as the swift-footed mules drew them out of the small new city, in the cool, dim, early morning dawn, she felt a new impulse stirring within her. It was the first time she had been out of Great Salt Lake City since her capture, and she had never seen the southern valleys.

As they rode along the dusty road, the white Father explained to her many interesting facts of the scenes about them, of the truths in the book of her people's history, and of their future destiny. He was as a kind, great-hearted father, who stood far above her; but she could love him with a sort of child-worship, and she did. Sally said little, but that little showed her white guardian that the poor maiden was not without noble impulses and some glimmer of mental awakening. But her bitterness towards her own race, living in the vales of Utah, was a mystery to the white Father.

Once, when Sally asked to walk awhile up the steep, long slope leading to the Point of the mountain, Mrs. Mary took occasion to tell her husband of the rude courtship of Kanosh, and referred to the fright both she and Sally had received from Walkara. But even Mrs. Mary knew nothing of the incident up City Creek; nor

of the reason why Walkara had sought the white woman out to threaten her.

The beautiful view from the Point of the mountain enchanted Mrs. Mary. And afterwards, the loveliness of Utah valley, which, even then, with its many streams, its broad, gleaming lake, flanked by meadows and cottonwoods, was like a Titan-jeweled landscape framed by circling mountains, threw the white woman into raptures. She begged her husband to halt, again and again, while she feasted her eyes on the rare green of the meadows, the glistening blue of the lake, and the flame-colored mountains about them. For the Indian summer was brooding over mountain and valley, filling all the gorges and canyons with purple and scarlet.

'Twas a strange experience for Sally! to have her inmost emotions of vague delight dragged out of her quivering heart, and named and minutely described by the vivid imagination of the white woman beside her. Even the colors she loved so well were classified and called, and she had scarcely before separated them in her own thoughts.

As they rode over the long bench across the valley, the white Father told them about the long, beautiful canyon through which flows Provo river; and then, farther along, he pointed out Squaw rock, on the frowning edge of the stony parapet, which guards the entrance to another smaller, blind canyon called Rock canyon.

And he told them the story, told by the Indians themselves, of the young Indian mother, captured in battle, who, with her babe slung on her back, fled up the long hill, pursued by a wicked chief who sought to dishonor her; and of how she reached, at last, the ærie where the eagles mothered their young. Then, as her enemy's head appeared above the bushes below, still in determined pursuit, she turned, and with an unearthly scream, which even now sometimes moans about the wind-swept crags, she dashed herself down the precipice, down, down, hundreds of feet in a single line, and was crushed to sudden, cruel death, on the sharp rocks below.

Sally shuddered, as she saw the jagged, gloomy outlines of that fateful crag, and listened in silence to Mrs. Mary's sad comments on the pitiful story.

There were some things Sally had learned to hate in her own life, and some things she had learned to appreciate in the new life

about her. She hated, with a woman's hatred, the strife and commotion of the Indian life, and she loved, with a woman's understanding, the comparative peace and safety of the white woman's sheltered life. But Sally's altered tastes and ideals were somewhat beyond the scope of her own powers of thorough assimilation.

As the cavalcade drew near the fort, a delegation of settlers met the white Father and escorted him into the fort.

It was discovered in council that night that there was a very large band of Indians outside, led by Walkara, and bent on mischief, as many incidents proved. Sowiette and Kanosh were south, and Walker and Elk were in full command.

The white Father cautioned the council to keep everybody inside the fort after sundown, and to keep plenty of scouts on the lookout. As ever, his efforts and counsel were for peace and conciliation, and he was very sorry to find Sowiette away on a southern hunting trip. That evening was a crisp, sparkling one, yet clouds hung in the sky; and the great moon, coming up like a mammoth disc of silver over the far off southeast mountains, even before the purple of the sunset had faded from Squaw's point; the beauty of that scene led the feet of poor, restless Sally down from the fort and out into the fields beyond.

No one had thought to caution her, and, although she knew there was great danger, the terrible struggle going on in her mind between the past and the future, absorbed her every slow, sombre thought. She was only a few rods from the stockade gates, looking up through the yellow cottonwood leaves at the quiet, familiar stars, picking out their world-old patterns on the blue background of the sky. There was a soft rustle in the brush at her feet, as if a snake had stirred the leaves. Sally stooped to see what it was. In an instant, a great blanket was thrown over her head, her call for help was stifled, and she was carried swiftly away in the cool darkness.

And then, a flight on a horse behind a warrior, around whose naked body her aching hands were tightly bound!

No need for a blanket now. Clouds, and the trees along the path, hid everything from poor Sally's eyes. She longed, with a dull throb, to know who this was, who thus dealt with her as her people sometimes did. Was it the brave who loved her, and at whom she had laughed, or was it the savage enemy she hated and

feared, the one who had nearly slain a white woman in his spiteful revenge at her? She could not tell. She could only dimly, dumbly suffer and try to remember a prayer to the white Spirit she had been taught by her white friend and mistress.

It was hours after when the Indian paused, and, untying her hands, lifted her to the ground. Not a word was said. But Sally was led into a large wickeup, and almost thrown down on a couch of wild skins. The Indian girl knew the uselessness of either speech or attempted flight. A small camp fire was soon lighted outside, and Sally saw from her couch stealthy forms creeping about in the bushes. But she could get no glimpse of her captor's face.

Was it love, or a far meaner, deadlier passion, which had brought her here? For even an Indian woman learns the darkness of the gulf between the two.

Terrified as she was, she was still weary—and very healthy! She slept! The sun was streaming down the valley ramparts, but had not yet reached Sally's retreat, when she awoke, sore with her flight, and still in mortal terror.

Her eyes at once caught the figure of an Indian, sitting at the wickeup door, his blanket drawn about his huge shoulders, for the cold canyon breeze swept through the hill's crevice like a knife. Sally was not a coward. She was a woman, and therefore timid. But she could die, and without cringing!

She sprang up, and, as she ran to the opening in the skin tent, the man stood up, and dropped his blanket from his face.

It was Walkara! Cold, cruel, crafty Walkara! She recognized him with an inward groan of terror and hatred. But she steeled her face into Indian stoicism, and looked him squarely in the eye. They were at the edge of Rock canyon, and right above her, across the stream, looking down with frowning gloom, rose Squaw-rock. The wickeup was planted against a huge semi-circle of a rock, and below them dashed a turbid mountain stream. Not a foot of room lay between her and the stream below, and the rock frowned above her. She knew her helplessness and her danger.

Walkara came towards her, and, catching her hands in the vice-like clasp of his own, he grunted in his own tongue, "You are my squaw now!" All the primeval instincts of her own Indian training, all the new and fresh ideals, hovering like clouds above

the deeps of her nature, gathered in horror about her heart, at thought of her fate. O, that she could reach the Squaw-rock above her, but the slope thereto was miles to the north.

The flaming glory of sumac and oak clothed the towering rocks which led straight up to the gleaming sky. The stream would not drown her, the short fall from where she stood would only bruise her body.

With a wild, inarticulate cry, she struggled with her captor. Up from the path below sounded a savage warwhoop, as if in response. She knew it was the friendly Shoshone call! She tried to answer. But she was flung to the rocks, and lay stunned and bleeding, while above her two savage men fought fiercely around her prostrate body.

As her senses came back, she crawled out of the way, and as she drew herself out of their range, she set up a shrill squaw cry for help. This time a dozen men, painted braves of the Shoshones, dashed up the narrow path, led by a huge chieftain, with a musket in his hand.

He soon parted the fighting furies, and flung Walkara aside, as if he were a rat. Then, telling them both to stand upon their feet, he said, in his own tongue, "Why do you fight?"

Walkara pointed to Sally.

The chief frowned, and said, "Why do you not come out in the valley, and fight with honor, as our people should?"

Kanosh folded his arms, and said sternly, "Walkara stole her from the white man who bought her with full ransom money. He would steal his nest, like the cookoo. He is a coward."

Walkara plunged madly forward at the insulting words, and again Sowiette interposed.

"Who is she, and why does she wear the white squaw's dress?"

Kanosh explained briefly; and then, adjusting his arrows and bow, he turned as if to go down the path.

Sally looked at him, with terror in her eyes. He saw the look, but could not guess as to its meaning.

Sowiette turned to Walkara, and said, "Come down into the valley, and let this matter about the squaw be decided as is our custom."

But Kanosh turned back, and said, harshly, "The maiden

belongs to the white Chief, and he has sworn she shall choose her own husband. We have no right to contend for her."

Walkara's lip curled in a vile sneer: "The great Shoshone has learned to be a coward while he dwelt under the roof of the white man. He is afraid to fight in open warfare for the maiden he loves."

Flinging himself in front of Walkara, Kanosh cried, "Thou art a dog!" and, catching Walkara's tomahawk from his belt, he flung it into the stream below.

Sowiette again separated the young braves, and contemptuously bade Walkara recover his tomahawk and follow the party.

Sally accompanied them with a heavy heart. The brave she hated was determined to have her by fair means or foul. While the man who had once loved her, and who had so recently saved her honor, and perhaps her life, looked upon her with scorn and contempt. Her white friends were far away, and unable to help her in the crisis of her life.

Kanosh followed the party gloomily.

Arrived on the lowlands, the party soon formed themselves into two files, and, as was their custom, prepared to fight out their claims for the squaw to the death finish, if need be.

Kanosh stood aside, and would not join either side. He stood with arms across his brawny breast, his tomahawk sleeping in his belt, his flashing eyes now somber and maddened almost with anger and grief. And his face was as the face of the dead.

Walkara seized the unwilling hand of the Indian girl, and began his slow, taunting march up and down the long, murmuring files of Indian braves.

The mutterings grew louder and fiercer, the chanting higher and more piercing, when suddenly, a young brave stepped out of the line, and Walkara at once seized him and the fierce fight began. Sally's skirts flapped about her heels, and tangled around about her, she was pushed and pounded and scratched by both warriors; another, and still another assayed to oppose Walkara, but he fought like a raging demon, for he dared to do nothing else. He was a bully—and therefore a coward. But he was determined to have Sally, and he knew how to fight in savage fashion.

Sally was forced to the ground, and lay there half dead,

when Kanosh once more sprang to her help, and he, too, fought with almost superhuman strength.

It was a cruel sight. But to Sowiette it was simply a custom among his people.

But when, at last, Kanosh dragged the fainting girl from under the senseless body of the brute, Walkara, whom he had felled to the earth, his own primitive ideals came up in revolt within his heart.

Sowiette helped him to lay the girl on a bear skin, and while the kindly old chief rubbed her wrists, Kanosh brought water from the stream. "She is your squaw now, Kanosh," said the old man, "you have won her twice."

"I don't want her for myself. She laughs at me and mocks my desire. She must be taken back to the white Chief, who bought her with ransom money. He will be very angry with Walkara for carrying her away."

Without more words, except to charge Sowiette to convey the girl safely to the fort, Kanosh walked quickly away, and was soon lost to view.

* * * * *

Sally was back again, in safety, with Mrs. Mary, in the fort. But not at peace.

The white Chief held a long conference with Sowiette and Kanosh that day, and even Walker had been forced by the elder chief into the treaty of peace.

Sowiette and Kanosh lingered near the fort, after the other braves had left the council circle, and assured the white Father of their determination to hold Walker to the peace treaty.

It was twilight—and the shadows crept across the meadows, and stole with long, soft, grey fingers up to the very tips of the sun-purpled mountains. The council had been held in a grove of cottonwoods, on the river bottoms, and just outside the stockade.

Sowiette parted with Kanosh after the white men had gone into the Fort, and Kanosh plunged into the shadows of the river path to seek his own camp and wickiup, for his own band of Shoshones were awaiting the result of this council at the foot of the hills on the east.

As his foot pressed the soft yellow carpet of autumn leaves,

once and again, he thought he detected a footstep behind him. He paused, but heard no sound. The steps so nearly matched his own, that he decided he was mistaken. And yet with the unerring instinct and ear of the Indian, he was sure he was being followed. Yet, he was not afraid. If he had a foe, he was not fearful, even with his back to him.

However, he silently drew his tomahawk, and resolved to face his enemy as soon as he should reach the open glade in the clear moonlight beyond.

He stepped quickly, and soon the lighted space was reached. He made sure the steps were still following him, as he crossed the lighted space. Then, swinging suddenly, and silently, he faced his pursuer.

It was a woman! Sally!

The glossy hair shone in even braids adown on either side of the dusky cheek, now flushing deeply red in the silver moonlight. The brilliant shawl was taken from its prim, threecornered folds, and was fastened straight and long about the maiden's plump body. It was held in place, however, with the gold brooch at her neck, and her "civilized" skirt still covered her limbs. But the freedom of shawl and flowing hair restored her wild comeliness, and the raised tomahawk in the chieftain's hand fell with a thud to the ground. Again he folded his arms across his breast, and again his eyes were dark with pain.

The girl saw the look and gesture, and she bowed herself to the earth and murmured: "My chieftain!"

He trembled at the softness of the tones, but still he doubted.

"I am your squaw!" she sighed.

"Nay, the white man bought you first."

The girl hesitated, then again she cried, "But the white Father said I should choose," and her lips curved into smiles, half mocking, half alluring.

"I have chosen," she said with a half pout.

He sprang to her and crushed her up against his beating breast as if he would defy life or death with her on his heart.

But she pushed him away with her frailer grasp, and he released her.

Then looking up into his softly gleaming eyes, she whispered, "Will you take me to the white Father and let him put his blessing over our heads before I become your squaw?"

He stood for a moment, uncertain of her meaning, for marriage to him meant only choice and capture; but as she explained, he drew his arm around her, and bent his head above her with a protecting gesture. Yes, he would go.

Together they traversed the shadowy river path back to the fort. And as they walked, he said softly, "And you will come to my wickiup in the southern hills?"

And she answered, "Will you not build me a white man's cabin of trees, and glass?"

And he half assented. For he, too, felt the stirrings of new ideals. "And you shall have a couch of softest bearskin."

Then she told him of the wonderful little shining needle, and of all she had learned to fashion with its point. And she told him of the changes she would make in their native life. Yet should they live in the hills, and hear the running water pass their door.

Then, "And your laughter shall be bound upon your heart when your papooses lie upon your breast."

The quick words died upon her lips, at the rapture of the picture which he painted, and she faltered and would have stumbled, but that he caught her and bravely stilled her own and his tremblings.

The white Father was amazed to see them walk into his room, in the late evening, and to hear Sally's coy laughter as she tried to explain in broken English the reason for their being there. He had sent a searching party out for Sally as soon as she was missed.

He was glad to marry them with due solemnity, for he felt Kanosh would make Sally far happier than any white man could.

* * * * *

All that happened many years ago, but I knew Sally quite well, and who does not remember Kanosh?

I have visited Sally in her southern home, and her neat surroundings always testified to the training she had received in the white woman's house.

Not Sally, nor Kanosh, but their children and children's chil-

dren shall fulfill the prophecies of the wonderful Book which always lay upon Sally's table. How often in the twilight Sally would stumble over the simple story told by the black lines and curves in the Book, and then both she and Kanosh would look out into the West and wonder when the time should come for them to become a white and delightful people.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

(END.)

PEACE.

"Oh! stretch thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore,
Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more."

The din of war has ceased:
Today the marshaling of arms
Speaks not of deadly combat,
But of quick return: each to his land
Wends his way to tell of dark scenes
That follow in the wake of war.
The cannon's roar is surely hushed;
The dove of Peace her pinions wide displays,
And speaks to man of higher aims
Than that of Conquest for itself.
An aureole of triumph decks the brow
Of those who wisely counseled Peace:
A thousand blessings on the head of him*
Who interposed, and taught us all
That life has holier tasks than those
Of sword for sword! The world admires
And rests to see the Orient and the West
At peace, for there is room enough
And work enough for all
In this fair world.

C. CLIFT, in *Cornwall Gazette*.

Lisbon, 8th September, 1905.

* President Roosevelt.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

BY ELDER WILLIAM HALLS.

“And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”—John 8: 32.

It is the will of the Lord that his children be free; he has given them their agency, the power to choose good or evil, without constraint; and made them accountable beings, that they may be justly rewarded for doing good, or punished for doing evil; but in order to be fully responsible for their acts, they must know how to act intelligently; the insane mother may kill her child; power without knowledge is dangerous.

The Lord is often called Almighty, meaning he has all power. If he had all power without intelligence to use it, he might destroy his children, instead of saving them. Men must be made acquainted with the law which they are required to obey; and be able to forecast, in a degree, the consequences of obeying or disobeying the law; hence, the force of the sayings of Joseph Smith, “A man cannot be saved in ignorance,” “The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth.” Doctrine and Covenants 93: 36. It is unreasonable that the Lord would create a beautiful earth, and place his children upon it, and leave them in ignorance; we may consider the relationship children sustain to their parents as similar to our relationship to our Father in heaven. Children are continually asking questions, seeking truth from their parents; so, we should ask our Father in heaven for truth. Our children are not easily put off, they are persistent; so men ought always to pray and not faint. A child that does not ask questions is considered unnatural, something is the matter with it; so, there is something wrong with men who do not pray, they are without natural affec-

tion. It is as natural for men to pray as it is for children to ask questions. Jesus said: "If ye, being evil, give good gifts to your children, how much more so will your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." We should be like children in very deed, and feel and act toward our Father in heaven as children feel and act towards their parents; it matters little if the mother smile or frown, the child clings to her, he has no other dependence, he knows no other way, he has no idols. We should feel with Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." We have abundant evidence in the sacred scriptures, which, through the grace of God, have come to us for our encouragement, profit and learning, that those who sought the Lord and were guided by the truth from heaven were free, while those who rejected the truth were brought into bondage and suffered for their disobedience.

After Adam was driven from Eden, the Lord did not forsake him and leave him in ignorance; he taught him by his own voice, by the ministry of angels and by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit. He revealed to him a knowledge of the coming of Christ to make an atonement for sin, and to redeem men from death, and of the principles of faith, repentance, baptism by water and the spirit, and the principle of sacrifice; and that he should do all things in the name of Jesus Christ, "the only begotten of the Father which is full of grace and truth." Adam taught all these things to his children; many believed, and many believed not, and the people became divided.

Those who believed, called upon God, and received a knowledge of the truth, were one people united, and enjoyed continual freedom and peace, until, on account of the wickedness of the unbelievers, the Lord took them away without tasting death; those who disbelieved and would not call upon God and receive a knowledge of the truth, scattered abroad and became divided into hostile peoples. Strife, woe and bloodshed followed, until, in the days of Noah, they had become so wicked that the Lord destroyed them all by the flood. Noah, through knowing the truth, and through obedience to it, was made free from destruction. The Lord, speaking to Enoch about those who should be cut off by the flood, said: "A prison have I prepared for them," where they should be in bondage

and torment until after the coming of Christ, when they should be visited. We read that Christ, "being put to death in the flesh," went in the spirit and preached to those who were "disobedient in the days of Noah."

One might suppose that, having suffered for their disobedience, they might receive the Gospel, and, through the atonement of Christ, come forth in the resurrection and receive the same glory as Noah; but this is a mistake. Noah, having received the priesthood and the fulness of the Gospel in the flesh, is entitled to the celestial glory, while those who rejected the Gospel in the flesh, forfeited their birthright, and will come up in the terrestrial glory where bounds are set, and certain limitations, by which they cannot pass. If by suffering a few thousand years, men might overcome the effects of rejecting the truth in the flesh, considered in the light of eternity, it would be a light matter, but it is a fearful thing to reject a prophet with a message from heaven, and the effects are eternal.

A remarkable instance of the power of truth to save is given in the case of the Israelites in Egypt, when, by accepting the truth as revealed by the Lord through Moses, concerning the destruction of the firstborn, and sprinkling their doorposts with the blood of a lamb, as they were commanded, all their firstborn were saved, while the firstborn of all the Egyptians, who were ignorant of this truth, were slain. At the time of the coming of Christ, the Jews had been destitute of revelation from God for about four hundred years, the prophets and seers were covered, and, though they had the scriptures that told of the coming of Christ, and they were looking for a Messiah to come, when he came they knew him not, rejected him, crucified him, saying, "Let his blood be on us and on our children." How terribly that prayer has been answered the past history and the present condition of the Jews may tell. John the Baptist knew the Messiah by a sign from heaven, and when he saw the spirit descending upon him, cried: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." When Peter, answering the Lord's question, said: "thou art the Christ, the son of the living God," Jesus answered, "flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which art in heaven; upon this rock [this principle of revelation] I will build my church." Very

few received the testimony of Jesus in that generation, and after the apostles and prophets were martyred, being without inspired leaders, the Church soon dwindled in darkness and apostasy. Passing down through the centuries of spiritual darkness to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Joseph Smith was called of God to open a new dispensation, we find Christianity in a most deplorable condition. Instead of one church, united in faith and worship, receiving light and truth by continuous revelation from heaven, enjoying the gifts of prophecy and other spiritual manifestations of God's approval, we find many sects more or less antagonistic, having received no additional light and truth from heaven since that given in the first century. Instead of having made advancement, compared with the condition of the church in the first century, they had actually lost all the spiritual gifts which the primitive Saints enjoyed.

In the scientific world, we find the scientist willing and eager to receive all truth that could be deduced from nature, but had no faith that any truth might be received by revelation from heaven. The grim spectre of skepticism stood sentinel at the portal, and was the presiding genius in the council of science, and everything suspected of a taint of inspiration was rejected.

In the domain of philosophy, we find the whole system impregnated by a vascillating agnosticism. What is received as truth today, may be rejected tomorrow as doubtful. But however much they differ in their interpretation of natural phenomena, the manifest forces of the physical universe, they agree that nothing can be received by mortal man by revelation from heaven. Thus, all men, religious, scientific, and philosophic, have cut themselves off from communication with God.

We find many prophecies in the scriptures concerning the second coming of Christ; as he sent his messenger to prepare his way before his first coming, so we are led to believe he will do before his second coming. In the third chapter of Malachi we read "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me;" the context of this passage shows that this means his second coming. In the fourth chapter, we read of the day coming when the proud and those who do wickedly shall be burned; and in the last two verses we read: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the

prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

The question is, to whom shall Elijah come; to which of the churches? He can not come to them all; if he should come to the Catholic church, all the others would reject the message; if he should come to the Methodist church, and they should announce to the world that they had received a mission from heaven, the Presbyterians, Baptists, and all other churches, would denounce the Methodist church. Every person in the land would be keyed up to a fighting pitch; the nation would be aroused; every senator and member of the house of Congress, who belonged to the Methodist church would have to renounce the Elijah heresy, or be unseated; Methodist meetings would be disturbed; their ministers mobbed, and instead of the "Menace of 'Mormonism'," it would be the "Menace of Methodism."

But there is no danger of such a thing happening to the Methodist, or any other church, since all would reject a prophet with a message from heaven. There is just one exception, namely, the "Mormon" Church, whose members "Believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God."—9th Article of faith. Here seems to be an opening for him. Accordingly, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery solemnly declare that on the third of April, 1836, the prophet Elijah appeared to them, in the Temple at Kirtland, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Malachi, and committed to them the keys of Priesthood, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers, including the work of redemption for the dead. That the Saints believe this is true, is proved by the millions of dollars spent in building temples, and in work being done in these temples, in behalf of the dead, and the living. Other prophecies are to be fulfilled before his coming. The Lord said, through the prophet Joel, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men see visions." Isaiah says,

“The earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.”

To fulfill these prophecies, it is evident the Lord must employ some other agencies than the so-called Christian churches. He must have a Church that believes in visions and prophecy, on whom he can pour out his Spirit. Jesus promised the members of his Church the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, he said to them, “When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth;” “he will take of the things of the Father and reveal them unto you.” If the members of the Church of Christ are to have the Spirit that guides them into all truth, it will not be necessary for them to go outside the Church for any truth. A religion that comes from heaven is a perfect system, and contains all truth. The terms religious truth, scientific truth, etc., are erroneous and misleading. Truth can not be segregated; it is all related, and agrees with itself. Light cleaveth to light, truth receiveth truth. The talk of a conflict between religious truth and scientific truth is nonsense. Though the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the religion revealed from heaven, is a perfect system, and contains all gospel truth, the members of the Church cannot receive all truth in a few years, any more than a child can receive enough knowledge to last him through youth and manhood to old age. But the Lord has promised to give his children “line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little.” As the members multiply, and the Church grows, and conditions change, the Lord will provide means to meet the needs of these conditions; and the member will not have to go outside of the Church for anything, spiritual or temporal. All the lay members being in possession of the Spirit of truth, as well as the officers and leaders, as the Church spreads, so will light and truth spread, till the earth is full of the knowledge of God.

A man of affairs, in the business world today, who is a member of an orthodox church, feels the lack of his religion to meet his wants in full; the positive concerns of the real present press on him much harder than the negative concerns of a possible future. To meet these wants, he joins a social club, a secret or fraternal order, or a union of some kind, to eke out his religion. Frequently he finds his attention so absorbed, his time and means so occu-

pied, in these orders, that he neglects his duties in the church, and, finally, drifts away entirely.

You visit the rooms and lodges of these orders, and you find them crowded with live, active men, earnestly striving to promote their material interests, which these churches do not recognize. Visit the churches, and, in too many cases, you find in attendance a few ladies, with, perchance, a very few superannuated old gentlemen, bowing their heads in listless reverence, while the good pastor drawls out a moral homily based on some Bible story, and containing no more inspiration than a recital from "Gulliver's Travels." It is significant that a few of the ministers are waking up, and becoming conscious that the churches are losing ground, that they are inadequate to the needs of a growing age, and are casting about for a little new wine to put into the old bottles, or a strip of new cloth to splice out the old garment, even if they have to filch a little from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being willing to pluck the fruit while they curse the tree.

We testify in all soberness that Joseph Smith was called of God, a prophet, seer and revelator, and that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is of God, organized to fulfill the predictions of the prophets, to prepare a people to meet the Bridegroom whose coming is drawing near, and we exhort all men to repent, call upon God, in humble prayer, and ask him in the name of Jesus Christ if these things are true. The promise of Jesus shall be verified in your behalf, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Mancos, Colo.

A TRIP TO NAUVOO.

BY ELDER G. A. GAMBLE.

[At the general conference, President German E. Ellsworth, of the Northern States Mission, in giving his report of the condition of his mission, referred to a recent meeting held in Nauvoo, at the invitation of friends of the Latter-day Saints residing there. He gave a remarkable testimony of the manifestation of the spirit of God among the people in that district, who, he said, treated the elders very kindly.]

Elder Thomas Hull is in receipt of a letter, which he has handed to the editors of the ERA, from Sister Mary E. Gamble, of Kirksville, Missouri, who was present at the stated meeting. She says, under date of October 8: "We had the greatest pleasure of our lives when we were privileged last week to attend the Illinois conference which convened at Nauvoo, September 30. It was an inspiring occasion. We viewed many of the houses that were once occupied by the Saints, and held a fast meeting in the Riverside Mansion, the old Nauvoo House spoken of in the Doctrine and Covenants, in which to entertain strangers, etc. The spirit of the Lord was felt by everyone present, and many were moved to tears. The place seemed almost holy to me. On the wall was a picture of the prophet, and one of his mother. The people of Nauvoo were very kind to us, and said they would like the Saints to come back and live there. One man offered to deed them a pretty piece of ground if they would build a meetinghouse on it. We stood in front of the Prophet Joseph's old residence and had a picture taken, and then sang, 'Praise to the Man Who Communed With Jehovah.' I tell you we made it ring! There were about sixty elders present at the conference, and several Saints from other places."

We take pleasure in presenting to the readers of the ERA a description of the trip, written by Elder G. A. Gamble, giving further particulars of the noteworthy and interesting event.—EDITORS.]

In company with Mrs. Gamble, Sister Ammussen and her son Joseph, I had the pleasure of attending the meeting of the Northern and the Southern Illinois conferences, held at Nauvoo, Ill., September 30, 1905.

It was a trip which I had long desired to make and, although

our time was very much needed for our studies in school, we gladly arranged to go to this historic city, from which the Saints were driven some sixty years ago.

Most of the Saints and elders had headquarters at the Oriental Hotel, and the meetings, with one exception, were held in the City Hall, which stands on the east side of the Temple block. Three meetings were held daily, and were well attended. On Sunday morning, we held "fast-day" meeting in the famous Riverside Mansion House, and so great was the manifestation of the Spirit of the Lord that many of the Saints and elders were moved to tears.

Among those present was Elder Lorin Farr, aged eighty-six, one of the pioneers who lived in Nauvoo at the time of the expulsion. He stopped in Chicago, on his way to the east from Utah, and at the earnest solicitation of President German E. Ellsworth, took advantage of the opportunity to visit the home of his boyhood, after an absence of sixty-one years. He bore a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel, and related many interesting incidents connected with the history of the Church. He was personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, having lived with him for several years, in the Mansion House, and he testified to the fact that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God. He said that he was an honest man; that he was a pure man, in every sense of the term, and that he had never met a man whom he thought more of than he did of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The fact that sixty-one years after being driven from Nauvoo, Brother Farr should be able to return and, in his eighty-seventh year, to stand as a living monument to a righteous cause, was inspiring to the hearts of all the Latter-day Saints present. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and by walking in the counsel of the Prophet of God, and other leaders of the Church, Elder Farr has been blessed of the Lord temporally and spiritually, and has also the honor of having one of the largest, if not the largest posterity of any man living in the United States.

During the time of the conference at Nauvoo, the Saints and elders visited the home of the Prophet, known as the Mansion, and at the invitation of the present incumbents, sang several songs of Zion. No words can express the feeling of those who were per-

mitted to stand in the house, made sacred by the memories of the Prophet who dwelt there up to the time of his martyrdom, and sing the old familiar song:

Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah;
Jesus anointed that Prophet and Seer,
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven;
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain;
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.

Praise to his mem'ry, he died as a martyr!
Honored and blessed be his ever great name;
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

Today the blood of the Prophet can be seen on the floor of the jail, and on the floor of the Hamilton house, where he and his brother were laid when murdered, as a literal fulfilment of the prophecy, in the above lines.

And the singing of these songs upon this occasion, and the preaching of the gospel of Christ, was not without effect, as three days later, October 3, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grimes and their daughter Sylvia, who reside in the old Mansion, were baptized at the foot of main street, opposite the Riverside Mansion. Eight elders and a number of other witnesses were present.

During the conference President German E. Ellsworth, of the Northern States mission, delivered several soul-stirring exhortations, and his remarks were inspiring to the Saints and elders, and convincing to the audience which filled the large hall to its full capacity. So harmonious was the spirit, and so common were the expressions of cheer and welcome from those not of the faith, that the congregation lingered long after the meeting was dismissed. One man, an old citizen of Nauvoo, but not a member of the Church, offered to donate a very desirable lot on which to erect a church house, if desired, and urged the Saints to come back to Nauvoo.

As another striking proof of the power of the gospel, Sister Julia P. Ervin, of Carthage, Ill., was present during the con-

ference. She is a new convert, and has the distinction of living within about seven blocks of the historic jail, in which the Prophet was murdered. During the famous "Smoot Investigation," Sister Ervin was induced to sign a petition favoring the unseating of Senator Smoot, but she signed it like many other women, without investigating, but it was doubtless the means of causing her to investigate the gospel, and, when convinced of its truth, she accepted it in the face of great opposition.

While at Nauvoo, we had the pleasure of visiting the former homes of Presidents Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, and those of many others of the Saints who have figured conspicuously in the history of the Church. Although the Saints were not permitted to dwell at Nauvoo, only about five years, entering the place when it was practically a wilderness, they had succeeded in building up comfortable homes, most of them occupying good brick houses which stand today in a splendid state of preservation, as witnesses to the energy and thrift of God's people.

In refutation of the oft-repeated falsehood that the people called "Mormons" did not labor for their own maintenance, they have proved to the world that they were able to stand alone, and without the sympathy of the outside world. Being driven out from their comfortable homes, in the dead of winter, after entering the valley of the Great Salt Lake in a penniless condition, they have there built up a commonwealth which has astonished the world.

It is too late a day for people of the world to brand the Saints with being ignorant, dishonest or immoral, and be believed. It is too late for intelligent people to repeat the many false accusations which have been hurled at the Saints for the past seventy-five years, and refuted at all times when opportunity offered. Today, the most intelligent men and women of the world, regardless of religious convictions, are ready to accord to the Saints equal rights to be heard; and thousands of people, both who live in Utah, and who have visited Utah, speak in words of praise for the Latter-day Saints. It is evident that a new era is dawning upon us, and we bear our testimony to the truth of the gospel as it has been revealed in this the last dispensation. I know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God, and all who seek earnestly for the truth will be given a like testimony and knowledge.

Kirksville, Mo., October 8, 1905.

TOPICS OF MOMENT.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

The New Treaty.

On August 12, while the plenipotentiaries of Japan and Russia were wrestling with the terms of peace for those two countries, the ministers of Japan and England were attaching their signatures to a new treaty of alliance that is hereafter to bring Great Britain and her new ally into closer relation than ever. By the terms of this new treaty, expressed in plain English, England agrees to support the Japanese in their dominant position in Corea and China, provided Japan will assist England in maintaining her present status in India. Of course, the attitude toward China, which is an independent nation, must of necessity be one of equal rights, or the open door to the commerce of the world. These two high contracting parties guarantee the integrity of the Chinese empire; that means that, hereafter, whatever concessions are granted by China must first be submitted to the Japanese and the British ministers at Peking.

This treaty touches Russia and Germany in tender places. Suppose Russia grows more determined to secure an outlet by sea, to the south of her vast empire, and seeks to establish harbors on the Persian Gulf. Over that body of water, Britain virtually proclaims the Monroe doctrine and would resist an effort of Russia to secure a foothold there as a menace to her interests in India. Would Japan help to fight Russia back, in such a dispute? Does Japan also intend to assist India in maintaining the independence

and integrity of Afghanistan, a country in which Russia and England have been struggling for predominance, because of its position between the two as a buffer state?

In the great Shantung province, with its teeming millions of population, Germany is seeking predominance. Will Germany henceforth be confined to her harbor rights of Kiauchau, or will she be permitted to exploit all of Shantung, to which this harbor belongs, and maintain whatever concessions she may receive from China at the point of the sword? What is of still more vital importance, will Great Britain and Japan consent hereafter that Germany force from China concessions which in their nature shall be exclusive?

This new treaty is really a notice, served on both Russia and Germany, that any aggression or inroads toward India or China, by either of these great powers, will be resisted. The question naturally arises, in view of this new alliance, will not Russia and Germany be compelled to form some sort of an alliance as a counter march against Great Britain and Japan? The present difficulty in the way of such an alliance is the hostility existing between Germany and France. While the latter country is allied to Russia, it is much more friendly toward Great Britain than toward Germany; however, friendships among nations are not what they used to be, and hostilities now give way much more readily before national interests. Should any serious misunderstanding arise between France and Great Britain, it is easy to see how the former may change her attitude in favor of Germany.

This new treaty between Great Britain and Japan shows the sagacity of British diplomacy. The English statesmen saw very clearly that a guarantee by them to France of a free hand in Morocco would turn to excellent results in winning the friendship of France, and minimizing the possibilities of any alliance between her and Germany.

This new treaty between Japan and Great Britain, is very different from the old. They agree to unite in waging war against a single foe of either country. Under the old treaty, mutual interest at arms was guaranteed only in case either country was attacked by a two-fold enemy. This new alliance will command much more the respect of the world at large, because all the world

has been taught admiration, respect, and deference for Japan's newly acquired and preeminent prestige.

Enlarged Freedom in Russia.

During the year and a half in which Russia has been carrying on war in Manchuria, the Russian reform forces have been growing in strength, and little by little the autocratic government of the Czar has been giving concessions to their demands. Whether these concessions, made in the interest of home government, will be withdrawn, or be permitted to go on to their logical conclusion, is a question that is now giving rise to endless speculation. The Russian government has been so proverbial for its broken promises that the world at large does not seem to have much faith in the sincerity of its promises of reform. Whether the demands of the Zemstvoists will continue to receive some measure of liberality, or whether they will be ignored, and drastic measures enforced to subdue further agitation for reform, and a parliamentary government, is a matter of vital interest in Russia today. A settled determination has evidently been awakened among very large numbers of Russian people to continue the agitation and demand for an enlarged liberty.

In a short time an enormous army will be returning from the battle fields of Manchuria. They will bring with them memories of their hardships brought about by the present incompetent autocratic government. Many of their heart burnings will find a vent in their resentment against the present condition of affairs. Young officers of intelligence will tell the story of Russia's misfortunes, which will be laid at the door of the present government. The government of Russia, as well as the reformers, will await with anxiety the return of the army.

If military influence is thrown on the side of the present autocratic government, it is generally believed that all promises and pretenses will be thrown aside, and the reformers suppressed in short order. In Russia, therefore, the coming months will be a time of great anxiety. Efforts will be made to enlist the soldiery on the side of the reform. Propagandists for a new Russia will be found throughout the army, but efforts will be made to suppress them, and it is easily seen that the present government may con-

clude, if it feels that it can do so with safety, that it has some reason for denying the promises it has already made.

The governments of the Grand Dukes and other nobilities may think that concessions would mean disorder and revolution, and it is possible they may persuade the Czar that he is really moving toward his own downfall, and the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty. For months to come, the eyes of all the world will be turned in the direction of Russia's struggle for a parliamentary government.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

LOVE'S CARESS.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of a sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of day;
But it smoothes the furrows out of the care
And lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind—
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take but do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Selected.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SPIRITUAL FEAST.

The semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which began on Friday, October 6, and closed Sunday evening, 8th, will be remembered as one of the most interesting and remarkable gatherings of this most remarkable Church and people. The weather was unusually fine, and the attendance was perhaps greater than at any other conference in the history of the Church. The great tabernacle was crowded on both Friday and Saturday, but on Sunday it was impossible to gain admission even for standing room. An overflow meeting was, therefore, held in the Assembly hall, and also in front of the Bureau of Information building. At these two meeting places many thousands listened to the instructions of those who had been delegated to conduct the services.

The usual reports from the mission fields were exceptionally encouraging; and it was learned that there are more openings and calls for missionaries in various parts of the world where the Gospel is being preached than could possibly be filled. Hundreds of elders are needed in addition to the large corps already in the field. Meetinghouses are being erected in many nations, and on the islands of the sea. There are unusual demands for books and other Church literature. At home, in the stakes of Zion, the Saints are prosperous in temporal affairs, and active in the cause of God, full of faith, and apparently unshaken by any evil reports directed against the authorities of the Church. They are trustful, and full of confidence in the Lord and their leaders, determined to go on in the good work of the gospel, in spite of opposition, slander and

misrepresentation. It was clearly manifest that the people agreed with the speakers at the conference, who expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with the man who had been chosen as the prophet of the Lord to lead the destinies of the Latter-day Saints. All the discourses were inspiring, and seemed to be received with pleasure and appreciation. The music was characterized by the spirit of the gospel, being plain and from the heart. Two new songs by Prof. Stephens were presented to gathered Israel; namely, "True to the Faith," and "One Hundred Years." These, with other songs and music, rendered in a most excellent manner, gave additional zest and pleasure to the services.

But the crowning speech came as an inspiration from President Joseph F. Smith, just after he had announced the notices at the last meeting, on Sunday afternoon, at about 4:15 o'clock. He stated that he desired to say a word or two notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. As he began speaking, the effect was electrical. As he proceeded one could have heard a whisper, as the great multitude bent to catch every word that he uttered. He turned to Prof. Evan Stephens, whose new song, "One hundred Years," had just been sung by Elders Geo. D. Pyper, Horace S. Ensign, Lottie Owen and Mabel Cooper, and whose "True to the Faith" had also been rendered that afternoon by the choir, and he fervently blessed Elder Stephens, and the members of the choir; then he lifted up his hands and blessed the multitude and all the Saints, their families and substance; turning to the grey veterans of the Church who sat in the wings of the stand, he called on the Lord in the name of Jesus Christ, to give them cheer and blessing. He did the same to the apostles and seventy and patriarchs, bearing testimony to their faithfulness, their worth, and virtue. Then, lifting his hands to heaven, he earnestly prayed God to forgive those who sin against the Latter-day Saints, and to grant them light to see the truth, and he prayed that God would have mercy upon those who knowingly and wilfully slander the Saints and the servants of God.

While the speech was being delivered, the Spirit of the Lord touched the hearts of the people, and there was intense feeling, so much so that many quivered with emotion, and there was weeping in all the building.

If there had been any doubt as to whether President Joseph F. Smith had ever been inspired, it was dispelled at this moment from the hearts of those who saw, heard, and experienced this wonderful inspiration and revelation; for it was an inspiration and a revelation, such as many testified they had never before heard, seen, or felt in any of the gatherings of the Latter-day Saints. The apostles and seventy, sitting on the stand, and thousands in the vast congregation, could not restrain their tears, but freely wept, so deeply were they affected by the eloquent and inspiring words from the prophet's lips, as well as by the peaceful and heavenly influence and spirit which accompanied them. The out-pouring of the divine power caused unspeakable peace to the souls of all who heard, and there was a tranquil spirit, overwhelming, yet not agitating, which pervaded the whole congregation. It was, indeed, a testimony to the people that President Joseph F. Smith is the right man in the right place; that the Lord is with him, and that he has the good will, affection, and support of the people over whom he presides by the will of the Lord. It was a further testimony that the Lord is pleased to accept the people, and to recognize his Church by the unmistakable manifestation of his Holy Spirit.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH'S CONFERENCE BENEDICTION.

I desire, very briefly, as the time is already spent, on behalf of myself and my counselors, and also on behalf of the Quorum of the Apostles, the Presiding Patriarch, the Presiding Bishopric, and others of the general authorities of the Church represented at this conference, to offer to you, ye men and women of Israel, our most sincere thanks and gratitude, both to you and to our Father in heaven, for your prompt, faithful, and numerous attendance at this conference, for the splendid spirit you have manifested, for the union that has characterized all our assemblies, for the love and goodwill shown by all who have met here in the name of the Lord; and I say, in the name of the Lord, be ye blessed, in your basket

and in your store, in your outgoing and in your incoming, in the labor of your hands and in the labor of your minds, and in your prayers and your devotion to the cause of Zion. May the Spirit and power and light of the living God shine upon you, and move you to acts of righteousness, of truth, of union, of strength and of power in the Priesthood of God which you hold, and which blessings have been pronounced upon you in sacred places by those who hold the keys and authority to bless on earth and you will be blessed in heaven, to bind on earth and it will be bound in heaven, and to loose on earth and it will be loosed in heaven. God bless you. These mighty men who sit before this stand, clothed with power from Almighty God, they are not self-called. They have not been chosen by man. They have not chosen themselves. But they have been called by the power of the Almighty to stand in high places in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as Presidents, as fathers to the people, as counselors, as judges, and as leaders, walking in the way that the people of God should follow them into all truth, and into the possession of greater light, greater power and wisdom and understanding. God bless you, my brethren. And while you stand united, as you have stood in the past, and as you have manifested your union here during this conference, so God will magnify you before your flocks, and in the midst of your people, and will increase your power and your strength to do good and to accomplish his purposes, until you shall be satisfied with your labors and have exceeding great joy therein: and your people will rise up and call you blessed, they will pray for you and sustain you by their faith and good works. Let us go home strengthened, built up, encouraged, and more determined than ever before to serve God and him obey. No matter what the world thinks or anybody says, let us do our duty: and in the language of Joshua let us say, "as for me and my house, we will serve God." Let this be the sentiment of every heart represented at this vast conference.

In behalf of you who are assembled here, my brethren and sisters, I desire to express thanks and gratitude to Evan Stephens—a man gifted of God, talented in music, in poetry and in song, and above and beyond all that, a man gifted with humility, and with faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; who is not only diligent

in his labors here with this great choir, but who is faithful in his soul to the cause of Zion. He bears testimony to the truth in song and praise. I want to say in behalf of this vast assembly, Brother Evan Stephens, God bless you and keep you long in the service in which you are engaged for the people of God and for the cause of Zion, and in behalf of this great choir. And then, in behalf of this congregation, too, I extend our appreciation and our gratitude to Brother John J. McClellan, and his assistants. We thank God that he has given us boys and girls, born and reared in our midst, that possess talent equal to that possessed by any men or women born in the world. We will not admit that they are second to any. I thank God also, in your behalf, for this choir, who have devoted hours, days, weeks and months, aye, and years, in the service of the people; who have won a name that is enviable, not only among the Latter-day Saints and the people of Utah, but a name that has extended beyond our borders to the uttermost parts of the earth. God bless you [speaking to the choir], you men and boys of Israel and you daughters of Zion. Peace be unto you. May your voices ever ring clear and true in the songs of praise and thanksgiving unto God for his mercies and kindnesses unto his people. The Lord preserve you. Be not discouraged easily. Attend to your duty, follow your file leaders, be united, and seek to make melody in the worship of Almighty God, who has given to you your precious voices, and has put it into your hearts to labor in the capacity of a choir for the benefit of Zion. The Lord bless you, and he will bless you; and in the name of Israel's God, as a servant of the Lord, I bless you.

Again, in my own behalf and in behalf of my counselors, President Winder and President Lund, I want to thank these my fellow-servants in the Apostleship. They are true men. They are honest men. They are God's servants, and I know it. I am intimate with them, I live with them, I labor with them, and I know their hearts and their works. Their lives are open unto me and unto the living God. They are true men, and I bless them. God bless these my brethren. They are true to the Father, and I know as long as they are true to him, they will be true to all the interests of his people, and true to his servants, and no power can turn them from God's cause.

God bless and preserve my brother, the Presiding Patriarch of the Church. May the Lord lend unto him the enlightening invigorating power of the Holy Ghost, that in his administrations as a Patriarch to the people he may speak the truth, and only the truth, and that his words may be words of soberness and knowledge, words of comfort and consolation to those on whom he lays his hands, that they may go away from his administration blessed in very deed.

I want to bless some of my veteran friends who are here. I say, God bless you, brethren. You and I have grown gray in the cause of Zion. You have ever been on the frontiers of danger, as protectors of the rights of the people and as protectors of the servants of the Lord from those who would injure and do them harm. I say, God bless you, and he will bless you, and I bless you in the name of Israel's God.

Let the Lord have mercy upon those that seek to hurt the cause of Zion. O God, pity the misguided, the erring, the foolish, the unwise. Put thy Spirit in their hearts, turn them from the error of their ways and from their follies, and bring them back into the way of righteousness and into thy favor. I ask mercy for mine enemies—those that lie about me and slander me, and that speak all manner of evil against me falsely. In return, I beseech God my heavenly Father to have mercy upon them, for those who do it not knowing what they are doing are only misguided, and those who are doing it with their eyes open certainly need, most of all, the mercy, compassion and pity of God. May God pity them. May he have mercy upon them. I would not harm a hair of their head, for all I am worth in the world. I would not throw a block in their way to prosperity. No; and I beseech my brethren that they keep hands off the enemies of our people and those who are paving their own road to destruction and will not repent, who are sinning with their eyes open, who know that they are transgressing the laws of God and villifying and lying against the servants of the Lord. Have mercy upon them. Do not touch them, for that is just what they would like. Let them alone. Let them go. Give them the liberty of speech they want. Let them tell their own story, and write their own doom. We can afford it. They do not hurt us, and if it

affords them any amusement, I am sure they are welcome to it.

I feel like blessing the quorums of the priesthood, every one of them, from the High Priests to the Deacons. I pray God, my heavenly Father, to remember them in their organizations, to help them, that they may magnify the priesthood they hold and do the will of the Father; that the Seventies may be minute men, instant in season and out of season, ready and willing to respond to the calls that are made upon them to go and preach the gospel to the world. Gather in from the Elders quorums those who have proved themselves worthy and who have gained experience, and make Seventies of them, so that the quorum of the Seventies may be replenished: and the aged ones, whose physical condition will not permit them any longer to do missionary duty in the world; let them be ordained High Priests and Patriarchs, to bless the people and to minister at home. Gather in the strong, the vigorous, the young, the able-bodied, who have the spirit of the gospel in their hearts, to fill up the ranks of the Seventies, that we may have ministers to preach the gospel to the world. They are needed. We cannot now meet the demand.

I feel like blessing the auxiliary organizations, which are so powerful in wielding influences for good among the youth of Zion. May the Lord bless them one and all, and make them to continue to be useful in their callings, that they may be able to magnify them in honor before God in all the world. Peace be unto those that preside in all these organizations, that they may be equal to the duties that devolve upon them.

God bless you all. May peace abound with you. Let this assembly of his people come up as a witness unto God and unto the world that "Mormonism" is a living, moving entity; that it is not dead nor sleeping, but that it is alive and awake, growing and advancing in the land; and let the world know it. Amen.

VOLUME NINE, ERA.

In this number, we begin a continued narrative, including, in chronological order scenes and incidents in the life of St. Paul, and

such of his simple teachings as will enable the young to understand something of the noble greatness of the man, and the value of the truths he taught, and for which he suffered and died. We have frequently been implored to print in the pages of the ERA more matter suitable for our younger readers. This "life" is especially written for young people of twelve and fourteen years and upward, and we are confident that not only they will be thoroughly interested in the narrative as it will appear in the ERA from month to month, but that many of our older readers will be delighted with it, so much so that they may even turn from tales of heroism, patriotism, and adventure, to enjoy this more fascinating life of the great apostle. It is such reading as the family circle on a winter's evening will delight to hear, and parents who gather their children about them that they may listen to the story will be amply compensated. It is one of the many attractive features of volume nine of the ERA that should insure many subscribers for our magazine. Speak about it to your neighbor, and help us get another subscriber.

Other special features for Volume IX, are as follows:

President Joseph F. Smith, the Senior Editor, will contribute articles on topics of interest to the Saints and the young people. No articles that have ever been published in a home magazine have been received with greater favor than the contributions of President Smith in the past volumes of the ERA. He will continue for Volume IX, and this feature alone is of great value and interest to both old and young.

Short Stories.—Offers to Writers.

For volume nine of the ERA we expect several short stories. The ERA offers \$25.00 for any story submitted to its editors during the year beginning October, 1905, that will be deemed available by the editors for publication in the magazine.

Stories must contain no less than 2,000 words nor more than 7,000, and may be submitted at any time during the year, those not used to be returned at the close of October, 1906, and the available ones paid for at the time of publication. The right to reject any stories submitted is reserved. Stories of true expe-

rience and adventure, inspiration, action and achievement, suitable for boys and young men, are preferred.

Memorial Number.

One hundred years ago, in December, the Prophet Joseph Smith was born. The December ERA will be devoted to his career and character, and articles thereon are anticipated from Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Bishop Orson F. Whitney, Dr. James E. Talmage, Prof. J. H. Evans, Susa Young Gates, Prof. Willard Done, Historian Andrew Jenson and other writers. It is hoped to make the tribute worthy of the man, and all the people will wish to secure the volume containing these valuable contributions on the great prophet of the latter days.

A University Scholarship.

To the young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two years inclusive, who are members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, for the best essay on "The Internal Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon," the General Board offers one year's scholarship in any one of these three educational institutions: The Latter-day Saints' University, Salt Lake City; the Brigham Young University, Provo; and the Brigham Young College, Logan. The school to be chosen by the successful contestant.

The essay must consist of not less than two thousand nor more than four thousand words, or from five to ten pages of the IMPROVEMENT ERA; must be typewritten; and must be in the hands of the editor of the IMPROVEMENT ERA by April 1, 1906. The best essay will be published in the ninth volume of the ERA.

The essay will be judged on the following points: Originality, logical arrangement in statement of subject matter and argument; and literary excellence. By originality is meant, that the work must be rigidly the competitor's own effort.

The scholarship will consist of:

First, free transportation from his home to school and return, including a holiday trip home and return.

Second, free tuition, and books in school.

Third, free board and lodging, (ordinary student's fare) for forty weeks.

Fourth, clothing, and a reasonable allowance for incidentals.

This liberal offer should create a decidedly interesting competition. We hope that every association will hold a competitive trial among their membership, and forward the one best essay for the general competition.

Miscellaneous Subjects Already in Hand.

A large number of short essays on religious, historical, social, literary, and scientific themes will appear, all of which have been written by a variety of entertaining authors, old and new. Among the titles, now on hand or promised, are many of excellent value and of attractive interest.

Doctrinal Subjects.

Doctrinal topics will receive due consideration, and our efforts will be extended to make the ERA, as in the past, a leading doctrinal exponent of the Church for the missionary field, for the student, and the investigator.

The ERA will appreciate prompt renewals by our old subscribers, and energetic action by all the officers in securing new subscriptions. On October 6, the First Ward, Rexburg, had already secured 38 paid subscribers—more than 5 per cent of the population—a good example.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Convictions and Fines of the "Raid."

What was the number of convictions for unlawful cohabitation and polygamy, in the so-called "raid" of the 80's, and what the fines imposed? Different writers give different figures, and I should like an authentic statement.

This question was submitted to Assistant Church Historian, A. Milton Musser, who replies as follows:

I am pleased to answer the question submitted to me, for I believe that the data asked for, which I take from the official records of the courts and prisons, will prove to be absorbingly interesting, more especially to the survivors and their descendants of the late crusade.

The summary covers a total of 885 Utah cases, from Oct. 24,

1884, to Dec. 27, 1891, prosecuted by the respective administrations of Presidents Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. The recapitulation shows the number of persons prosecuted and what for; the fines and costs imposed; the periods and years served, etc. It will be seen that under President Arthur there were four prosecutions, under President Cleveland, 615, and under President Harrison 266. Further details are as follows:

President Arthur, to March 4, 1885: For polygamy, 2; for unlawful cohabitation, 1; for contempt, female, 1; total 4; fines imposed, \$1,050.

President Cleveland, to March 4, 1889: for unlawful cohabitation, 569; adultery, 23; for polygamy, 11; for contempt, females, 8, males 1; for bigamy, 1; for bribery, 1, held as a witness, 1; total, 615; fines imposed \$98,513.55; costs taxed, estimated, \$31,124.94, total, \$129,638.49.

President Harrison, to Dec. 27, 1891: for unlawful cohabitation, 170; for adultery, 89; for polygamy, 3; for fornication, 1; for alleged incest, 1; for alleged perjury, 1; for contempt, male 1; total, 266; fines imposed \$13,125; costs taxed, estimated, \$13,743.48; total, \$26,868.48.

The amount of costs assessed was not entered on the record from which the foregoing data was taken, except in twenty-four cases. In these cases the aggregate costs amounted to \$1,616.68, which, if divided by twenty-four would make an average sum of \$67.37 to the case. Under President Cleveland, costs were taxed against 462 cases. Now if we adopt the above average as a basis, we have a total of \$31,124.94.

Under President Harrison, costs were taxed against 204 cases, which, if multiplied by \$67.37, gives a total of \$13,743.48.

Recapitulation and totals: for polygamy, 16; for bigamy, 1; for adultery, 112; for unlawful cohabitation, 740; for fornication, 1; for alleged incest, 1; for bribery, 1; for alleged perjury, 1; for contempt, (9 females and 2 males) 11; held as a witness, 1; total, 885. Total fines imposed, \$112,688.55; total costs taxed, estimated, \$44,868.42, total, \$157,556.97.

Total years served in the Utah penitentiary:

Under President Arthur: Total sentences covered, 7 years, 6 months, 1 day.

Under President Cleveland: Total sentences covered, 345 years, 8 months; add time served for fines, 9 years, 6 months; total, 355 years, 2 months; less time on segregations 7 years, 9 months; less time covered by pardons and commutations (14 years, 2 months, and 12 days) equals 21 years, 11 months and 12 days, which taken from 355 years, 2 months, leaves 333 years, 2 months, and 18 days.

Under President Harrison: Total sentences covered, 136 years, 4 days. Add time served for fines, 5 months; total 136 years, 5 months, and 4 days, less time covered by pardons and commutations 8 years, 5 months, and 15 days; total 127 years, 11 months, and 19 days; grand total, 468 years, 8 months, and 8 days.

It will be seen that the aggregate imprisonments of the Utah convictions covered 468 years, 8 months, and 8 days, and the fines

and costs amounted to \$157,566.97. As a rule, the persons convicted were both progressive and representative, and if we credit them with an average income from all sources of six dollars per diem, we have the sum of \$1,026,480, and by adding the above sum, the total on these two counts alone will be \$1,184,036.97. Now if the estimated imprisonments imposed on the Idaho, Arizona, and other "Mormon" elders, since the organization of the Church, were added to the foregoing, the grand aggregate, as nearly as we can get at it, would sum total 520 years, or 189,800 days, over half a millennium!

Additional and incalculable sums should be included to cover the time spent during trials by those convicted and those discharged, and by the witnesses, also by those driven into exile, and the consequent losses in business and property from forced neglect and absence of personal supervision, expenses incurred in traveling long distances to and from the courts and prisons; by fines imposed without imprisonments, by lawyers' fees, and in test cases before the superior courts, and by forfeitures, etc. To these may justly be added the confiscations of Church property; the loss of the elective franchise, the numerous premature deaths from exposures and severe raids made under cover of night, often by drunken and profane deputies, and spotters, and the attendant destitution and untold hardships entailed on and endured by thousands of innocent and helpless women and children which are impossible to estimate.

The foregoing, it may be stated, is a mere bagatelle of totals compared with the sufferings, hardships, losses, etc., incident to the mobbings and persecutions imposed upon the Saints in the eastern states, whence they were exiled, and in their heartrending experiences during the exodus, nor can the showing be considered complete without we add the startling and tragic item of about 300 martyrs which the great Gospel campaign has harvested, which have been sacrificed on the altar of truth, for the testimony of Jesus, since the organization of the Church, seventy-five years ago.

In conclusion, let me ask in all seriousness, what Latter-day Saint, with these and the cumulative evidences before him, can for a moment question the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission or the divine origin of the Church he organized so perfectly under the im-

mediate supervision of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? and especially when we also take into account the exceedingly healthy and prosperous, spiritual and temporal condition of the Church and its devotees at this writing?

Respectfully, etc.,

A. MILTON MUSSER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Reorganized Church vs. Salvation for the Dead,

Is the title of a 25 page tract by Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr. It is a conclusive argument showing that the "Reorganite" church, as it is here called for the first time, is apostate from the doctrines and revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith on the subject of baptism and salvation for the dead. It contains, also, an editorial on the subject from the *Times and Seasons*, by the Prophet Joseph, and the Articles of Faith. *Deseret News*, or Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City. Price 30 cents per dozen, 2 copies, 5 cents.

Outlines of Mormon Philosophy.

A beautifully printed volume of 123 pages, setting forth some of the answers given by the gospel, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, to the questions of life, and designed as a centenary souvenir, to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the Prophet's birth. The book is written by Lycurgus A. Wilson, author of the *Life of David W. Patten*, and, as its title implies, touches briefly the outlines, or high places, of "Mormon" philosophy. Salt Lake City, price 75 cents.

NOTES.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Unless one can use his wisdom for the betterment of mankind it is selfish to be wise.

The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect.—HOWELL.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—EMERSON.

The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and God.—*American Boy*.

One of the most unfortunate delusions that ever found its way into a youth's brain is that there is some force or power inside of himself that will, in some mysterious way, and with very little effort on his part, lift him into a position of comfort and luxury. I never knew any one who followed the *ignis fatuus*,—"luck,"—who did not follow it to his ruin. "Good luck" follows good sense, good judgment, good health, a gritty determination, a lofty ambition, and downright hard work.

When you see horses in a race, you know perfectly well that the one in the lead is ahead because he has run faster than the others, and you would not have much sympathy for the horse behind if he should bemoan his fate and declare that the horse ahead had a snap!

When you see any one doing better than you are doing under similar circumstances, just say to yourself, "There must be some reason for it. There is a secret back of it, and I must find it out." Do not try to ease your conscience or lull your ambition by pleading "hard luck" for yourself, or good fortune for another.

Napoleon said that "God is always on the side of the strongest battalions." He is always on the side of the best prepared, the best trained, the most vigilant, the pluckiest and the most determined.

If we would examine the careers of most men who are called "lucky," we should find that their success has its roots far back in the past, and has drawn its nourishment from many a battle in the struggle for supremacy over poverty and opposition. We should probably find that the "lucky" man is a closer thinker than the "unlucky" man; that he has a finer judgment, that he has more system and order;—that his brain acts more definitely and concisely, that he thinks more logically, more vigorously, and that he is more practical. Life is not a game of chance. The Creator did not put us where we would be the sport of circumstances, to be tossed about by a cruel fate, regardless of our own efforts.—O. S. MARDEN, in *Success*.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

While King Alfonse of Spain was riding with President Loubet through the streets of Paris a bomb was thrown at him. Thereupon, says the *New York Times*, the following discourse took place:

"Whom are they after?" queried the Spanish monarch.

And the president replied, in the choicest Parisian:

"After you, my dear Alfonse."

A sense of humor and a delicate compliment was that of a Holton boy who was lying in a hospital. The pretty nurse overheard him exclaim, "Oh, my Lord!" Wishing to rebuke him kindly, she came to his bedside and said: "I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can do for you?" He looked up into her lovely face, and with every mark of respect and admiration remarked, "Yes, ask him how he would like me for a son-in-law."—*The Holton Record*.

"What passed between yourself and the complainant?" inquired the magistrate in a county court. "I think, sor," replied the worthy Mr. O'Brien, "a half dozen bricks and a lump of paving-stone." In *Irish Wit and Humor* Mr. William Harvey gives another anecdote of the Irishman's readiness in the court of law:

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "What brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sor," said Pat, "both av thim."

—*Youth's Companion*.

Bishop Doane of Albany was at one time rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one Sunday played a joke upon the rector. "Dr. Doane," he said, at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it." "You have not," said Dr. Doane. "I have so," said the humorist. "Well, send the book to me. I'd like to see it." "I'll send it," Twain replied. And he sent next morning an unabridged dictionary to the rector.—*Hartford Post*.

News comes from Southern Kansas that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the sky and clouds looked and that now the stalk is growing faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is clear out of sight. Three men have taken the contract for cutting down the stalk with axes to save the boy a horrible death by starving, but the stalk grows so rapidly that they can't hit twice in the same place. The boy is living on green corn alone and has already thrown down over four bushels of cobs. Even if the corn holds out there is still danger that the boy will reach a height where he will be frozen to death. There is some talk of attempting his rescue with a balloon.—*Topeka Capital*.

OUR WORK.

CLASS METHODS.

The following remarks, by Elder George H. Brimhall, on "Class Methods," was given at the conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. some four years ago, but have not heretofore appeared in print. They are very appropriate for the class teachers of today:

There are a few principles that we ought to have well fixed in our minds, in handling a class, and one of these ought to be the principle governing the relationship of the class leader to his class.

The value of a class leader is just equal to what he gets that class to do, over and above what they would do without him. The chief function of a teacher is to cause the pupils to do that which they would not do without him; to cause them to grow better than they would without him. He stands in the same relation to the class as the farmer does to the farm. Pretty good fruit will grow wild. You can get wild grain, and you can get wild fruit. You can get wild strawberries, but they are generally scrubby, though rich in flavor. The man who cultivates, his work is seen in the development of that which he cultivates.

The second consideration is to make yourself unnecessary to the class; that is, to work them up to a point where each man can go on without you, so that when they have finished the course of study under a teacher they are able to get along without a teacher. Here is a professor, who has a large class, in engineering, in the University. He is training his class so that they can go out in the field and do engineering without the aid of a teacher. Of course, I do not want any man to get so that he cannot be directed or advised by those who are placed over him.

There is another consideration that we ought to bear in mind, and that is this: Aimful activity, plus enjoyment of that activity, is heaven. It does not make any difference how demon-like the activity may be, a person who is in the condition of aimful activity, plus the enjoyment of that activity, is in a sort of subjective heaven. It may be that it is not heaven, in relation to the universe; but it is heaven to him. The gambling den is heaven to the gambler. [President Smith here interjected the remark: "When he wins."] Yes, when he wins. My second part of this consideration is, he does not enjoy the game when he is losing, and he is to be aimfully active and to enjoy the activity. Now, there is leech or blood-sucker heaven; there is humming-bird heaven; there is eagle heaven; and there is

heaven still higher than all that. But what we want to get at is to believe that everybody is hunting heaven, hunting a state of enjoyment. Of course, all this aimful activity, plus the enjoyment, may end in loss. While it is a little space of what they call heaven, it will vanish away, and the other thing will follow; but that makes no difference. The young people are constructed in that way that what they enjoy they come back to, just the same as an eagle will fly to high air, or a pig will go to his wallow. The great aim is to get the boys to like the class-work. I do not care how many times you may drive a man through the Manual, or push him through the Bible, or spear him through the Book of Mormon, if he goes through it like a galley slave, he will never go back to it again. The thing is to make the work interesting, and to conform him to the good thing you want him to love. Then you are educating him; then your class-work is successful; then each class exercise becomes heaven to the person who takes part. But if he does not like it, he never gets into that subjective state.

Just like the little boy answers his father: the father says, "Will you go to meeting?"

"Yes; I'll go, if you want me to."

"Do you want to go?"

"No."

"Why don't you want to go?"

Said the boy, "Pa, I have two hard things to do: one of the hardest things is to keep still, and the other one is to keep awake. I want to sleep, and I want to wiggle, and I don't enjoy the meeting."

"What meeting do you like to go to?"

"Sunday school."

"Why do you like to go to Sunday school?"

"Because they don't do the same things so long."

That is natural. You cannot change child, nor for that matter, adult, nature. We must conform our class methods to the nature of the persons that we are educating or teaching.

So I would say here, in our first equation; aimful activity plus the enjoyment of that activity, equals heaven, subjectively; though it may be that that leads to perdition and ends in defeat. But the thing to do is to make these activities in the class exercise so aimful and so enjoyable that the young man will say, "I tell you, that is a fine time we have had during this exercise;" and he is just as sure to come back as a needle is to head towards a piece of magnet. Why? Because there is an affinity established between him and the exercise.

Here is another principle governing the human being: We grow in the direction of that which we do that we like. We grow in the direction of the things we like, if we associate with them; and we do not grow in the direction of the things we hate.

I would say, as the first suggestion: Make class-work enjoyable. You say that is a general proposition. I shall follow that by another one. I believe with Col. Francis W. Parker, who says, "That day that I pass in my class-work in school that my students do not have a right good time, I have failed."

Another little suggestion that I would mention here: Vary your methods. Whenever interest begins to flag in your classes, vary your methods. I do not think you have any machine-like methods to follow day after day. This varying is based upon a principle of human nature. What will the railroad company do when the interest in a resort begins to fail? What will the manipulator of an amusement hall do the minute interest begins to flag in his hall? He will scheme to change his method of advertising, and his method of procedure at the entertainment. He does not stop and say he will not do anything more with it. He is broke if he does. The same thing is true in regard to farming, or anything else. If we cannot raise good grain, in the good old orthodox way, let us change our methods.

Another little principle I would suggest: Permit no habitual failures. You cannot help but have failures, but permit no habitual failures. When you find a student who is frequently saying that he is not prepared, and is failing in his studies, get right after him; don't let him get into that habit. This is based upon an eternal principle governing the mind. An occasional failure, overcome, strengthens the mind in the direction of that failure. The habitual failure weakens the will, in the direction of that failure. That is just as certain as the law of gravity.

Another suggestion: Make assignments definite. When you assign a part to a man in a class, make it clear and definite. Be definite when you assign it. Speak with clear enunciation. Show that there is an earnestness in the assignment. Then again, I believe I suggested last year that you have assignments accepted by the student. And it is improper to assign a lecture part to a boy who is very timid and retiring. Assign men parts in the class according to their special likes and ability. Give each one something that he can do easily. Some will agree to come to Mutual, if you will not call on them. I would not call on such until they were ready to be called upon. But I would not let them stay in that condition. Some are so very timid, they do not like to raise their hands, even to volunteer to answer a question. If you have such a one in your class, after awhile talk with him privately, and ask him if he would not answer some easy question. He will likely consent. But be sure you ask him to do something that he can do well. Then it is a good thing in your exercises to encourage the boy when he does well. He will not think he has, perhaps; but, indirectly, refer to some success that he has made.

If you have your class exercises in a place where it is convenient, put the lesson on a blackboard. Let the teacher make a map or diagram of the subject right before us.

It is a bad thing for somebody to do all the talking in the class; bad thing for the teacher to do all the talking, bad thing for the talkative fellows to take up too much time. Put on your blackboard the time to be used in connection with each topic. I have found that to be a most excellent way in Mutual Improvement class work. We have one association, in Provo, that conducts the exercises on that basis. I saw an exercise, in a Sunday school at Ogden, that was carried through that way, and I never saw anything more systematic and gratifying than that.

One man went over his time in one of the Mutual Improvement exercises. What did the president do? He had a pointer in his hand, and he simply raised it up to tell him it was time to stop. In some instances, where it is very interesting, some member may make a motion for the speaker to have five minutes more. Class methods must of necessity be brought under some regulation. I may be deemed radical in this matter; but when my class exercise is not interesting, I am tempted to scold somebody in the class, while the fact of the matter is, the true teacher will look right at himself. It is his business to make the exercises interesting. That is what he is there for.

Questions were then asked by different officers, and answered by Brother Brimhall.

In answer to the question as to whether he intended to convey the idea that individuals should be assigned special topics, instead of preparing the whole lesson, Brother Brimhall said that the whole lesson should be assigned to every member of the class, but special assignments may be made to individuals on special topics.

In answering another question, Brother Brimhall said: Be most interested in the least interested. The boy who is the least interested, the instructor should be the most interested in. Attend to the weedy corners of your farms, and the farms will be all right.

OBSTACLES.

Elder George Aibert Smith addressed the late Y. M. M. I. A. conference on the subject of:

“Obstacles in the Way of Mutual Improvement: (a) In our Country Wards; (b) In our City Wards.”

Elder Smith among other things enumerated a number of obstacles, some being in the country wards: first, lack of interest in sacred things among the boys—many feeling it is not popular to be religious; second, the many chores required to be done late in the evening; third, lack of reference books. In the city wards: first, many young men are engaged in business which ties them up until late in the evening; second, school work—many of our young men being students; third, the constant round of amusements which attracts so many; fourth, the great amount of light and trashy literature; fifth, lack of interest on account of the multitude of meetings. In a general way, obstacles were enumerated as follows: first, the indifference of parents to Mutual Improvement work; most of the obstacles would be removed, if parents were converted; second, failure of regular attendance by officers; third, unpunctuality, unsociability, of the officers; they should get down among the boys and be on a level with them; fourth, lack of initiative on the part of the officers. Officers should seek the inspiration of the Lord to inspire and guide them in their work.

Superintendent John L. Herrick, of Weber stake, stated that one of the

greatest obstacles encountered in Improvement work in his stake, was that the officers are too much engaged in other auxiliary organizations.

Elder Holden, of Cache stake, stated that one of the greatest obstacles was failure to choose capable class leaders.

Elder D. H. Kimball, of Granite stake, suggested as a means of overcoming some of the obstacles, the selection of a leader in social and athletic affairs, one that would attract the boys and lead out in those affairs and who was an enthusiastic Mutual Improvement man; also to get the parents to assist in all the social affairs of the association, and thus get them interested.

Elder Randall L. Jones, of Parowan stake, stated that the chief obstacle they had to contend with, was indifference, to overcome which, he suggested the emphasizing of social features, the establishing of libraries and reading rooms.

Elder T. J. Bennett, of Blackfoot stake, stated that great good had resulted in his stake and many obstacles had been overcome, by changing the night of meeting from Tuesday to Sunday, and Brother Fletcher B. Hammond, of San Juan stake, bore similar testimony.

SPLENDID ORGANIZATIONS.

On Tuesday, October 10, a large number of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church held their opening meetings for the season, and others followed, some days later, so that now the whole number (628) are in the midst of their busy work. In this connection we have to thank the *Deseret News* for the following kind notice which we heartily endorse, and commend to our membership, to the stake and ward authorities, to fathers and mothers, and to the Saints generally:

The Mutual Improvement associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have commenced their fall and winter work. Theirs is a great and splendid cause in which to be engaged. They are organized for mutual benefit, moral, intellectual and spiritual. They have not at present facilities for fashionable physical improvement, but most of them can find plenty of opportunities for the development of muscle in useful channels, if not in those performances that come under the head of "physical culture." There are ways and means by which our young men may become sufficiently athletic for the affairs of life, both in amusements and vocations, which bring into play the forces and activities of growing manhood.

The societies that have been organized for the advancement of young men, and those for the young ladies, deserve the encouragement of the older members of our community. Their influence should be exerted to render these societies all that they are intended to be. Our young people should be urged to attend the meetings that are held regularly and to take part in the exercises. Opportunities are there afforded to bring out the latent abilities and talents of all the members, in all their variety and mutual interests.

These associations combine instruction and entertainment. Music, oratory, dramatic talent, literary ability and devotional feeling and expression, are cultivated, moral precepts are presented, intellectual thought is developed, and spiritual doctrine is imparted, all tending to improve and advance the members and fit them

to become noble, useful, intelligent and devoted men and women, loyal citizens of their country, and faithful servants and handmaidens of the Most High.

The men and women who are engaged in promoting this great work among the youth of Zion deserve the highest praise for that which they have achieved, and the aid of the good and the wise in that which they expect to accomplish. They are banded together in the service of the Lord and of humanity. They will have joy in their labors and will reap a sure reward.

We congratulate the associations in the commencement of their work for 1905-6. They should profit by the past and prepare for the future. Every member should be willing to do something to enlighten, instruct or amuse his or her associates, and the meetings appointed should be kept up with strict regularity, punctuality and hearty interest. We say, God bless them in their efforts to promote and develop all that is good and great in human character and bring mankind nearer to the Divine.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

Those officers who were present at the Saturday afternoon conference meeting, June 10, will remember the reference made to the need and value of a "field-day," in connection with our annual conferences, made by Elder B. S. Hinckley in his remarks on "M. I. A. Machinery." At the close of the discussion on the subject, Elder Benjamin Goddard offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That an annual Field-day be arranged in connection with the General Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A.

At the meeting of the General Board, on Wednesday, October 18, the following general committee was named and sustained to carry the resolution into effect: Bryant S. Hinckley, Nephi L. Morris, Brigham F. Grant.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

New Surveyor-General.—On Saturday, September 30, Surveyor-General Edward H. Anderson was succeeded in office by Hon. Thomas Hull. During the incumbency of the former, from April 10, 1901, to date, 942 mining surveys were ordered, embracing 2,373 locations. The cash received for this work aggregated \$61,479.

For the same period in the agricultural division of the office, fifty contracts for surveys were awarded, and 324 full and fractional townships were approved, including 5,569,531.11 acres of land. This included seventeen contracts in the Uintah reservation, embracing 2,063,996.21 acres. This was in addition to the nearly 400,000 acres which had been previously surveyed there, making the total number of acres within the reservation, not including the Fort Duchesne military reservation, 2,424,857.32. The total number of acres of land now surveyed in the State amounts to 22,555,433.86, the number on April 1, 1901, reaching only 16,985,002.75.

The salaries and contingent expenses of the office for the period named amounted to \$132,508.77, of which \$67,885.54 was for mineral work. This amount did not include the payment of engineers, which was made directly by the department and amounted during the time named, for agricultural surveys, to \$187,242.35. Neither did the sum include the payment of mineral engineers, this being paid directly by claimants.

At present there are sixty-seven deputy surveyors. The number of clerks in the office is twenty, the largest number employed at any time being thirty-three.

The statement shows a vast volume of work, and gives a good idea of what is being done in new mining ventures in the state. Before patent is issued, every location for survey costs the claimant from \$200 to \$300, aside from the improvements.

Utah Municipal Tickets.—Throughout the state of Utah, municipal elections will be held on Tuesday, November 7. The Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, and other parties generally, had their nominations before the public in the early part of October. The so-called "American" ticket, in Salt Lake City, is composed entirely of non-"Mormons" and is nominated with a view to pushing "Mormons" entirely out of politics. Outside of that city, however, it is not conceded that

much showing will be made by this class of agitators; and even there, the more conservative people of all classes will remain with their party tickets, or vote for their personal choice, so that it is doubtful whether the "knockers," as they are termed, will win any political place. Following are the party nominees in Salt Lake City:

Republican: Mayor, William J. Lynch. Auditor, Willis E. Vigus. Attorney, W. R. Hutchinson. Recorder, Calvin S. Buckwalter. Treasurer, Walter J. Beatie.

Democratic: Mayor, Richard P. Morris. Attorney, W. H. Bramel. Recorder, John S. Critchlow. Treasurer, Joseph E. Caine.

American: Mayor, Ezra Thompson. Attorney, Ogden Hiles. Recorder, John B. Moreton. Auditor, Rudolph Alf. Treasurer, Frank A. Swenson.

In Ogden City: Republican: Mayor, Rudolph Kuchler. Attorney, John E. Bagley. Recorder, William J. Critchlow. Auditor, Mrs. Florence O'Neil Stanford. Treasurer, James E. Halverson. Municipal Judge, John D. Murphy.

Democratic: Mayor, Dr. E. M. Conroy. Auditor, Mrs. George F. Wade. Attorney, John C. Davis. Recorder, Albertus Bragonje. Municipal Judge, T. D. Johnson. City Treasurer, James H. Riley.

In Provo: Republican: Mayor, Joseph H. Frisby. Recorder, Wm. E. Harding. Marshal, Silas L. Allred. Attorney, Daniel H. Thomas. Justice, A. A. Noon. Treasurer, Emma Simons.

Democratic: Mayor, Wm. M. Roylance. Recorder, George B. Peay. Marshal, W. K. Henry. Attorney, Frank A. McGraw. Treasurer, Mrs. Amanda Young. Justice of the Peace, M. M. Kellogg.

The State Fair.—At no recent exhibit has the Deseret Agricultural and Mfg. Society, J. G. McDonald, president, scored a greater financial, as well as artistic, success, than at the fair held during the first week of October, this year. The large new building was opened, and it, with all the others, was full of creditable displays. The attendance counted above 50,500, while the receipts were perhaps thirty per cent greater than last year. Many needed improvements are contemplated for next October, and the Portland exhibit and furniture will then be added to the display, including the entire mineral exhibit, which will be a permanent feature of future fairs. The receipts total \$5000 above the outlay, this year.

Pathfinders Guests of Senator Clark.—On October 9, the following "Mormon" pathfinders, pioneers of the San Bernardino Trail, left Salt Lake for Los Angeles, over the Salt Lake Route:

W. C. A. Smoot, James A. Bean, A. H. Hale, Benjamin Cluff, W. W. Cluff, S. L. Ensign, S. S. Worthington, Ruel Barrus, William Price Jones, James Oakley, William C. Mitchell, William Robbins, Charles Crismon, Alexander Gemmill, I. N. Dunyon, George Speirs, A. Milton Musser, Elliott Wilder, George Harrison, Thomas Dallin, Hop Pender, James Lawson, Nathan Tanner and Phil Margetts.

They were the guests of W. A. Clark, who had invited them to pass over his road in Pullman cars, following nearly the same route which they traversed 58 and 50 years ago, when they blazed the trail from Salt Lake City to San Bernardino,

Los Angeles and San Pedro Harbor, as pioneers, enduring hardships and privations untold. The first company of eighteen or nineteen men under Horace K. Lathrop, O. P. Rockwell, and E. K. Fuller, left Salt Lake about Nov. 16, 1847, for California, to secure animals for the Utah settlers; as near as can be learned these were the names:

Horace Lathrop, Elijah K. Fuller, William Peacock, Orrin P. Rockwell, Joseph M. Davis, Eli Harvey Pierce, Thurston Larsen, James Hyrons, Jake Workman, Jackson Workman, Jefferson Hunt, Gilbert Hunt, Peter Nease, James Shaw, John Y. Greene, Elias F. Pearsons, William B. Cornogg and John Hunt.

The second company, consisting of thirty men, was called at the April conference, 1851, and was under the direction of Amasa M. Lyman. The object of the going of this company was to establish a half-way station between Salt Lake and Los Vegas, California, and to establish friendly relations with the Indians and people of the far West.

Union Depot for Salt Lake.—The Union Pacific stockholders elected their directors on October 10, as follows: Oliver Ames, Boston; W. D. Cornish, New York; Thomas T. Eckert, New York; Henry C. Frick, Pittsburg; E. H. Harriman, Arden, N. Y.; Marvin Hughitt, Chicago; Otto H. Kahn, Morristown, N. J.; R. S. Lovett, New York; Charles A. Peabody, New York; W. G. Rockefeller, New York; Henry H. Rogers, New York; Jacob H. Schiff, New York; Joseph F. Smith, Salt Lake; James Stillman, New York; P. A. Valentine, Chicago.

In this connection it was announced that the Harriman roads and the Salt Lake Route will soon build a \$600,000 union Station in Salt Lake City, across the foot of South Temple, just west of 3rd west street, on the present site of the O. S. L. yards; also that a through Pullman train over the Union Pacific *via* Ogden and Salt Lake will be put on between Chicago and Los Angeles. Large expenditures for yard rearrangements, coaches, locomotives and steel rails will be made.

M. I. A. Lecture Bureau.—The first lecture of this season was delivered at the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, on the evening of October 13, by Elbert Hubbard, he of the *Philistine*. It was on the "Gospel of Work," and proved to be very interesting, and full of thought expressed in catching epigrams. He believes in education, but it must be practical. Here are some of his sentiments:

Some people can do everything but make a living. That man who is best educated is most useful, and the most useful man is the best educated.

The educated man, the really educated man, is the useful man. If he isn't useful he isn't educated. I don't care if he is a college graduate. A college doesn't supply an education: it simply affords opportunity.

A philosopher has said: "Take twelve men out of Harvard, the pick of the whole faculty, and put them on a raft and they will all drown. They can't handle it. They only understand the theory of rafts at Harvard.

One of the professors at Harvard had a fine Jersey cow presented to him by some admiring friends. She was sent by express. When she arrived he was asked if he could milk her. He replied, "No, but I'm reading up on it." And it transpired that he was reading Herschel on the Milky Way.

If you ever get to heaven and sit down to rest and take it easy all the time,

what will you find? I'll tell you what you'll find. You'll find it hell! That's what you'll find.

Heaven is a place of progression. It is a place of work. If it isn't I don't want to be there. It is a place where they do things.

Among others announced to lecture this season, are President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, Jerome K. Jerome, Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, Opie Read, and Edmond Vance Cooke.

Utah and the Portland Fair.—On October 15, the Lewis and Clark Exposition closed. President Goode has made public the statement that stockholders will receive a dividend of from 30 to 40 per cent of their stock, from which one must conclude that the fair was a pronounced financial success. It was a success, besides, from all other standpoints, for of the hundreds of thousands of strangers who came to see, many invested in various lines of endeavor, while nearly all the western states including Utah, felt the stimulus and the advantage of the Western travel. About two and one-half millions of people passed through the gates. Utah is among the states which were at the front, at the great exposition, as the awards granted for her mineral display, her products and industries, testify. In educational matters, Utah stands high on the list, as witness the following awards—

Gold medals for the state as a whole; school for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, on cabinet and contents and live exhibit; University of Utah, on entire display; Agricultural college, on manual training work in wood and iron; sewing and cooking, and as a whole; kindergarten training school as a whole, Salt Lake City; elementary education, Ogden; Elementary and commercial department, silver medals: Logan Latter-day Saints Church school and Presbyterian academies; Brigham Young College and Latter-day Saints university; Brigham Young University; Park City, Provo, and Normal training school; University of Utah. On unified course of study, bronze medals: Snow academy, Weber Stake academy, Cache county, Salt Lake county, Davis county, Utah county, Weber county, and Eureka. Honorable mention: Indian Industrial school, Ephraim; Rowland Hall, Box-elder county, Kate B. Anderson's notaphone.

Prof. L. A. Ostein, in charge of Utah's educational exhibit, said to State Supt. Nelson: "I have the honor to inform you that the State of Utah has received eight gold medals (highest award), nine silver medals, eight bronze medals, and honorable mention in five other cases. We have fared well in competition with other states. The three state schools, Ogden and Salt Lake 'drew' gold medals."

Hon. Spencer Clawson and associates are entitled to the thanks of the people, for the able and economical administration of the State's interests at the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

Died.—September: Wednesday, 6th, in Beaver, Mary A. B. Parkinson, a pioneer of Beaver, born in 1826, in Kent, England.—In Grantsville, Wednesday, 6th, Wilford Hudson, a veteran of the Mormon Battalion, born in Harrison county, Ind., Sept. 19, 1818.—Friday, 8th, in Pleasant Grove, Mrs. Celia H. Griggs, a veteran of Missouri and Nauvoo, born Oct. 29, 1819.—Tuesday, 12th, in Sanpete county, Mary T. Beal, a pioneer of southern Utah, born May 27, 1827, in Nottingham, England.—In Lehi, Friday, 15th, Hans Hammer, one of the oldest residents of that place.—Saturday, 16th, in Teton, James Gardner, who crossed the plains by Handcart, in 1856.—In Juarez, Mexico, Sept. 21, Joseph C. Davis, a veteran of the

Church and pioneer of Southern Utah.—Tuesday, 26th, in Bountiful, Patriarch Joseph Argyle, born in Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, Sept. 18, 1818.—In West Jordan, 26th, Catherine Phillips Smith, a widow and plural wife of Patriarch Hyrum Smith, born Aug. 1, 1819.—Saturday, 30th, in Layton, Arizona, Wm. J. Packer, a High Priest in the St. Joseph Stake, and an active Church worker, born Salt Lake, Utah, October 26, 1848.

Died.—October: in Salt Lake City, Sunday 1st, Henry Dinwoodey, one of the most prominent and influential business men of Salt Lake City, and a faithful Church worker, aged 80 years.—In Sandy, 7th, N. Parley Thompson, a recent California missionary, and faithful Church worker, age 25 years.—Sunday, 8th, John E. Cox, Secretary of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society, aged 50 years.—Wednesday, 11th, Reddick N. Allred, one of the members of the Mormon Battalion, and a Utah pioneer, born in Tennessee, Feb. 21, 1822.—Thursday, 12th, Mrs. Aura A. Cummings, a veteran of Nauvoo, born Feb. 17, 1827, in Mansfield, Conn.—Wednesday, 11th, in Salt Lake City, Thomas Adams, a well-known attorney, and husband of Emily Caldwell Adams of the Y. L. M. I. A. Board, age 45 years.

Christ of the Andes.—Senora de Costa has appealed to the governments of Argentina and Chile, for aid to build a Monastery-Refuge, a humanitarian establishment similar to that of the Monks of St. Bernard, in the Alps, on the summit of the Andes, and adjoining the "Christ of the Andes." She says that, "there on that very lofty summit, numbers of travelers, surprised by the snowstorms of the Andes, perish every year during the winter for lack of timely and effective assistance." It is designed that this new refuge shall prevent the suffering and render the needed aid to the wanderer in distress. Senora de Costa, who is the president of the "Christian Mothers Association" of Buenos Ayres, was, with Bishop Benavente, the leading spirit who conceived the idea and carried to completion the extraordinary monument to eternal peace, "Christ of the Andes," erected on the summit of the Andes, and on the border line between Chile and Argentina. It is a colossal statue of Christ, by Mateo Alonso, a young native sculptor of the latter country, and commemorates a remarkable arbitration and peace treaty between the two nations—one that may indeed be pointed to as an example to the world. The statue which was set up March 13, 1904, is cast from bronze of old cannon left by the Spaniards at the time of Argentine independence: and on this international monument, standing on the mountain tops nearly 14,000 feet above sea level, is this remarkable inscription, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines shall break the peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

Senora de Costa in a recent article in the *Independent*, appeals to the United States for help to build the Refuge, and hopes that all nations shall contribute generously to its realization.

Sweden and Norway.—These Scandinavian countries came to an agreement September 23, by act of their representatives in the Karlstad conference, and the peaceful separation of the two countries is assured. Concessions were made on

both sides. Both countries agree to submit to the Hague Court, for a period of ten years, all matters of dispute except those which affect the independence, integrity and vital interests of either. The question of the fortification of the frontier, which seemed at times likely to break up the conference, was settled by the establishment of a neutral zone, fifteen kilometres wide, on both sides of the southern portion of the frontier of the two countries. Within this neutral zone neither nation shall station armed military forces, and no fortifications, war ports, or depots for the army or navy can be maintained in the zone. The Norwegian fortifications, now existing within the neutral zone, are to be demolished within the next eight months to the satisfaction of a commission composed of three foreign military officers. The fortifications at Fredrikstad, Gyldenloeve and Overbierget are to be allowed to remain, but in a demolished condition. The nomadic Laplanders are to be allowed to pasture reindeer in Norway until the year 1917.

The Swedish Riksdag and the Norwegian Storting took up the articles of agreement in early October, and these were later accepted by both. King Oscar will rescind the union, and declare Norway an independent state. By the middle of November the Norwegian government will consider whether Norway shall be a kingdom or a republic, and submit the proposition to the vote of the people, in the elections of 1905. Bjornson, the veteran novelist, urges the election of a king, but public sentiment seems to favor a republic.

Canton-Hankau Railroad.—About seven years ago, an American syndicate obtained permission from the Chinese government to build a railway between Canton and Hankau, and incidentally to develop along the line, the mining and industrial interests of the country. It was reported some time ago that the attitude of the Chinese government was very hostile toward the continuing of the enterprise in foreign hands, and recently the government declared the lease cancelled, but in so doing offered an indemnity to the company which held it. After a consultation with President Roosevelt, the company's representatives accepted an indemnity of \$6,750,000 for the surrender of their rights. It was the best thing to do, and the arrangement removes a question that might have become very seriously troublesome in connection with other complications between our country and China, occasioned by the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion act, and the boycott of American goods in the celestial empire.

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